

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

JUNE 30, 1980

\$1.00

New jet  
fighter fuss

**ACID RAIN**  
WHO WILL SAVE  
OUR LAKES?



VOL 93 NO 26



*Canadian Club*  
A taste of the world. The taste of home.



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## Editorial

### Umbrellas across the border must tackle our acid rain

By Peter C. Newman

"Acid rain" sounds like one of those trigger-happy words that hardened environmentalists in safety jackets dream up to keep themselves in the headlines. But as Roy MacGregor's story (page 48) documents, it is a little-known phenomenon which has quietly become our most critical pollution problem.

Created by the gases (sulphur dioxide and nitrogen oxides) that rise into the atmosphere from such sources as the combustion of coal, molasses and car exhausts, it rains down in the form of sulphuric and nitric acid. This process has already irreversibly destroyed all forms of aquatic life in 140 Ontario lakes and the same picture is developing in Quebec and the Atlantic provinces. About 170 lakes in the American Adirondacks no longer support fish populations.

Apart from the aquatic effects, acid rain seriously depletes soil fertility and cuts forest productivity.

The most visible target for the anti-acid rain crusade is Inco's 390-metre-high smokestack at Sudbury. The company's past emissions have reduced the immediate area's topography to a desolate moonscape, but Inco can justifiably claim that its sulphur output has been drastically reduced (and will continue to drop) at the very time that acid rain's effects have most dramatically multiplied.

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The fact is that most of the acid rain that falls on Canada is washed north on clouds created by U.S. industrial emissions, with an estimated four million tonnes crossing the 49th parallel every year. Prime Minister Jimmy Carter's current electric-utility coal conversion program threatens to increase this poisonous flow in some installations by 85 per cent and American scientists at Cornell University are already trying to breed strains of acid-resistant fish.

The only solution is to tackle the issue in a joint U.S.-Canadian context. A useful first step would be to follow the arguments of John Fraser, the Conservative MP from Vancouver South (and a former environmental minister), for the immediate establishment of an all-party parliamentary committee to alert public opinion in both sides of the border and formulate some workable solutions. Under the U.S. Environmental Protection Act, pollution effects of new industrial and power installations can be examined and curtailed. There are adequate legal precedents for declaring trans-border liability and even the awarding of damages when one country's activities violate neighboring environments.

No magic answers exist. But as John Fraser warns: "The process of the acidification of our lakes ends in ecological disaster unless a policy of cooperative bilateral action is taken that they are now empty mirrors—bustling, alluring, but lifeless."

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# The uniforms don't fit the players

By Susan Riley

**A**round Ottawa, political styles change as subtly and inevitably as hemlines creep up and trouser legs narrow. It goes without saying, however, that the naked bodies beneath the political costumes are nearly identical. Tory, Liberal or NDP label is hardly a reliable guide to anyone's deepest values. In fact, in a country where ideological currents do not run deep, political style—however superficial—may be the only thing that really matters.

With this in mind, the latest word in that last season's riot, neo-conservatism, has already gone the ready pace of pop-beats and bell-bottoms. "Neo-conservatism is dead," says one thinker and Mr. NDP Markie—a man whose own political party has long been deliriously frothy. Red Tory David Crombie agrees: it was never more than a passing fad, "an American phenomenon that had no real roots in Canada." Crombie, who watched with deep foreboding as his party flirted with a right-wing, neo-conservative image during the past election campaign, wants to turn the Tories back to what he calls "real Canadian conservatism"—the conservatism of Sir John A. Macdonald. He points to a picture of a beaming philosopher, respectful of tradition, leery of change, moral without being judgemental, pragmatic without being apologetic, and devoted, above all, to social justice. "We've got to forget this nonsense of chasing every civil servant out of town."

Crombie sees neo-conservatism's obsession with "privatizing" public enterprise, and its generally Neanderthal social attitudes, as doing a gross disservice to true conservatism. He's trying to do his bit: the slunder is two ways, he's working on a prominent history of Canadian conservatism which will outline the party's true standing, if not moral support for public enterprise (the CNE) and underline its respect for neighborhood values (Inco's Crombie learned as mayor of Toronto). He is also working behind the scenes to head off any cranky, ill-informed opposition to proposed changes to the party's laws from his own caucus—opposition that would do little to erase the party's image of fuzzy-faddy doddiness. Crombie sees no reason why that image can't be turned around, and why his version of conservatism shouldn't be widely popular. "After all," he says, "Canadians live with Liberal rhetoric, but we conduct our lives as social conservatives."

Allan Gregg, the Tories' bright young Toronto-based pollster, surveyed voters' attitudes after last February's election debate and discovered that many Canadians identify Conservatives as backward and old-fashioned (like he believes personally that "the Red Tories are the true Conservatives.") The question now is whether Joe Clark and his former cabinet can keep the party's right-wing, red-neck

element out of sight and out of the papers while it chooses a younger, more sophisticated electorate. Gregg says that during the last election he believed if one political party were to be squeezed out over the next few decades it would be the Liberals. But these days he fears for the Tories.

The greatest danger of all may be that the Tories could be co-opted by their bitterest enemies. The new exponent of Crombie's historic, pragmatic and fundamentally conservative philosophy could well be the Liberals. On the surface, Parliament's beguiling blonde beach-boy, Lloyd Axworthy, looks and sounds like a '60s-style, small "D" Liberal. But there is a difference—a new note of frontal assault, a touch of something that, for want of a better word, looks awfully like conservatism. Axworthy himself doesn't think the Tory party is an endangered species: for him the victims of changing social attitudes will be the New Democrats, who will be seriously undermined in Western Canada by resurgent Liberals. There is more than a touch of self-interest in this analysis, since Axworthy faces himself the next western Liberal prime minister. And although he is not slow in pushing his party toward a more left-liberal stance to attract the socialists, in some quarters there is a feeling the Liberals' shift to the left is only rhetorical—that when it comes to spending

money they'll suffer a sudden attack of fiscal reserve. Certainly Mackenzie and other critics have long predicted that worsening economic conditions will finally force the Liberals to make a hard choice, instead of having it both ways: social liberalism or fiscal conservatism.

In fact, the philosophical divisions extend into cabinet itself, and is reportedly more pronounced than usual these days. Trudeau has been heard to say in the Commons that the Liberals do not have a "Tory" in the cabinet—a phrase borrowed from his political foe, Jim Gault, and serving to indicate money isn't everything to the new-look Liberals. On the other hand, Finance Minister Alan MacLachlan has been showing a smug of qualification over almost every Liberal election promise—starting with reforms to the Foreign Investment Review Act—since Feb. 13, and grumbling darkly about coming hard times.

In various ways, all three political parties have been taking advantage of the post-election period to prepare new intellectual warbags. There have already been stories about the reborn Liberal—youth, cosmopolitan, but aware of economic realities. The New Tory—honest, well-read, reasonable, and the committedly caring, yet a socially competent New Democrat. For the disarming voice the only confusing thing is that, up close, they all look so remarkably similar.

Susan Riley is a member of Maclean's Ottawa bureau.



Morgan White.  
COOL, CLEAR, REFRESHING TASTE.



# Putting rape in its (legal) place

By Leah Cohen and Constance Backhouse

The federal government is about to introduce legislation that will abolish rape with the stroke of a pen—that is, strike the word "rape" from the lawbooks. We think that is wrong. Granted, it may be clear to all but the most social observers that the present rape laws are not working. Too few rape victims report their attacks and an invidious moral stigma still attaches to victims. Many proponents for change, such as Loerts Clark and Debra Lewis, Canadian authors of *Rape: The Power of Gender Sensitivity*, say that to improve the situation rape must be removed from the category of sexual offenses and reclassified as assault. A second focus for reform is the drive to decrease penalties. Susan Rowntree, the American author of *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape*, was one of the first to call for this change. "We must recognize the penalties for such an offense and bring them into line more realistically with the penalties for aggravated assault, the crime to which sexual assault is most closely related," she argues. Lower penalties, it is assumed, will diminish the stigma associated with the offense and contribute to higher rates of conviction.

All three major Canadian federal parties support reforms that would redefine rape and decrease penalties. Currently, the maximum penalty for rape in life. Sources in Ottawa say that proposed amendments will be introduced in this session of Parliament to abolish the category of rape in favor of a new three-tiered system. The lowest tier, "sexual assault," will cover most forms of rape, with a maximum penalty of five years. The second tier, "sexual assault causing bodily harm or armed with a weapon," will have a maximum 10-year penalty. The most serious forms of rape will fall within the new offense of "sexual assault with intent to murder or endanger life." This last charge, with a maximum penalty of life, will be extremely difficult to prove and will rarely be used.

But will the proposed changes be substantive? Will they actually encourage more women to come forward? Will they assure more convictions and act as a more effective deterrent? The central question is—can rape, in fact, be dismantled? We believe rape victims perceive rape to be totally different from other forms of physical assault. The fear that engenders can best be likened to the male fear of castration. As one rape victim has said, "There's something worse about being raped than just being beaten. It's the total humiliation, a political act on the part of the man."

It would be a grave mistake to eliminate the word "rape" from the criminal law. We only want rape to disappear if the crime itself goes away. In a completely nonsexual society, rape would be unthinkable. But since our culture generates rape, a peculiar overlap of violence and sex, we don't want to see that reality swept under the rug. To eliminate the word will only minimize rape itself. We think lowering



*"Rape is totally different from other physical assaults."*

the penalties will degenerate the seriousness of the offense. Jeta Takach, Ontario's deputy director of Criminal Law and of Crown Attorneys, agrees. "In practice, the range of sentence in Canada for convicted rapists is now four to six years. And this is with a maximum life penalty. If rape, reclassified as sexual assault, can get you anywhere from \$50 to five years, where is the difference? Where is the stigma of being convicted?" (The situation becomes ludicrous when the proposed penalty structure is compared with other Criminal Code offenses. For example, the maximum penalty for sending a letter or making a telephone call threatening to cause injury is 14 years, non-returning mail with public property could net you 14 years.)

Lower penalties might make more sense if indeed they led to a higher rate of conviction. But, as Takach says, "The trial process will continue to be traumatic for the victim. There certainly won't be more convictions. We'll still run into the same mess, the same problems of proof." By changing rape to assault and restructuring the offense, an enormous area would be created for defense counsel to explore. Innumerable litigations, while lawyers and judges battle out legal arguments, will not improve the situation for rape victims.

One of the major failings of the proposed amendments concerns the issue of consent. Rape is now defined as sexual intercourse without consent. Fluently, the difficulty of proving lack of consent has been the main stumbling block in rape trials. There has always been tremendous skepticism about a woman making sexual complaints unless she has been brutally beaten in an attack by a complete stranger. The amendments would in no way alter the requirement that lack of consent be proven. Just as with rape, for the Crown to prove that a sexual assault took place, it would have to convince the court that the woman unequivocally did not consent. Without a shift in focus on the victim, the defense counsel would still try to establish consent by cross-examining her, often with humiliating results. We believe the new amendments are cosmetic on the most of consent; they do not alter the law substantively. (Incidentally, under our present system, a rapist can be convicted of indecent assault and sexual assault.)

We believe the proposed rape amendments are riddled with discrepancies and irrational assumptions. They would not give rape victims greater protection. Lower penalties would speak loud and clear to society that the crime was no longer as serious as it once was. There is no evidence to suggest we would get a higher rate of convictions. If these amendments become law, we might have the opportunity to reexamine the legal concept of rape. Before we make such a major commitment, we must reconsider.

Leah Cohen, author and public lecturer, and Constance Backhouse, professor of law at the University of Western Ontario, are co-authors of *The Secret Oppression: Sexual Harassment of Working Women*.

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**TOMORROW**

## An outlet for brainpower

It may soon be possible—in principle, at least—to link the human brain directly to a computer, expanding intelligence to a previously undreamed-of degree and opening the door to an ultimate tyranny. Minor experiments have already tried to meld man and machine. The classic, current scenario in the field is a U.S. Air Force study which used a machine that can pick up tiny electric signals emanating from the scalp. One researcher was able, simply by concentrating deeply, to control one set of these signals known as alpha waves. He can, in effect, turn them on and off, and thus send Morse code messages to the scalp-monitoring machine. The machine transforms the signals into radio waves and sends them to a computer which can then answer any question it is programmed to deal with.

"Of course, this is very much a first step and there is a long way to go yet," says Irving J. Good, a professor of statistics at Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University in Blacksburg. But he adds that there is "no reason in principle why it should not be possible to have direct, rapid communication between a brain and a computer. In this way, anyone plugged into a large computer would have immediate access to pretty much all the knowledge in the world." That person would also be able to communicate directly with other minds linked to the computer.

But Herbert Gertzog, a leading futurologist and president of Progress Strategies of West Hartford, Conn., says such technology "would challenge one of the most fundamental bases for all human society. For it will give a sense to the consciousness and memory of another human being. If I transmit some of my memories to you, are you then, in some extent, me?"

Gertzog stresses that the problems do not mean that scientists should "quail and draw back" from their experiments but that it should be realized they are dealing with a very great force for change. In 100 years, he says, it's feasible that genetic changes will have taken place involving profound alterations in our fundamental nature. "That means, in turn, that we are likely to be very unhappy about them if we anticipate them with our 1980 values."

William Lowther

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# Seven farms and four wives later...



**Trumble:** Let's see... I broke my back, broke my nose, broke my leg, broke my arm... broke my heart.  
**Maclean:** How many times did you break your heart?  
**Trumble:** (laughing) A good many times.  
**Maclean:** You've worked out of seven all your life. How is the earth changing?  
**Trumble:** Well, never in all my days have I seen a winter so cold as last winter.  
**Maclean:** Why do you think that is?  
**Trumble:** I think they're monitoring too much with the atmosphere... they're going to the moon, monkeying with the moon, going where they claim no man goes... of course, we know that's a lie.

Trumble doing as you track, more loving



The earth's not giving the nourishment it used to give

**Maclean:** Do you follow the news?  
**Trumble:** The news is getting so I don't care about hearing it. It's all hell!

**Maclean:** Do you watch TV?  
**Trumble:** Oh I do, yes. I watch a little. I used to like television until they got too much foolish stuff on it. I'll just give you one instance where could you get anything foolisher than *The Nougat* game?

**Maclean:** No, you're supposed to be people, we're not supposed to be animals. But you know in the Nougat game... the shakes his hand as he says a disgrace.

**Maclean:** Do you listen to the radio?  
**Trumble:** I don't care much for the radio. Same thing, when you get down to it. When we first had radio, you were getting something that happened... now you're getting a lot of bull. Just putting on something to make a laugh.

**Maclean:** Do you read the Bible?  
**Trumble:** I only want to read one day in my life. How do you expect me to read?

**Maclean:** How can I put this then, is religion a comfort to you?  
**Trumble:** Oh much, much... when you're downcast and you don't feel yourself and you're just ready to give up, some small one says 'pagan'.

**Maclean:** You've lived all over this

area. What house do you remember before happyest of?  
**Trumble:** When I built my first house out of hickory when I was first married... I was 28. I went and got married and I was working in the gold mines. Then I went to work cutting cordwood to get in the house to make the gold. I left that then and went to farms, some times I've bought farms, worked them and then sold them. In my first house I raised up nine children.

**Maclean:** What did you do when you moved with a woman?  
**Trumble:** I was the Wild Man, wife's snakes. I was all dressed in beads, and the make couldn't bite that. I'd just grab the thing in my hand and pretend to eat it. Since the woman had to die that the snakes didn't agree with my stomach, so I had to quit.

**Maclean:** You didn't really eat them, did you?  
**Trumble:** Now I didn't eat them.

**Maclean:** You fought in World War I, at Vimy Ridge. Did you learn anything from the war?  
**Trumble:** I learned to stand my own business and keep my head down. I got a bayonet through my hand, right there. But they say I'm not an ordinary man, I can't know. There's something different about me. I don't wrinkle up much. I don't get childish. Some people there in town, they're so childish I can't talk to them.

**Maclean:** How old are they?  
**Trumble:** Round about 90.

**Maclean:** I understand you've also been on TV a few times.  
**Trumble:** I was on stage once with a Toronto man who does the news... an old man... he knows everything.

**Maclean:** Gordon Sinclair?  
**Trumble:** Yes. I don't care for him. I gave him a play right on the stage. You can't talk about the government, I said, the government will give you a dollar with one hand and take it away with the other. And he said, you're crazy, you don't know when you're treated well. And I said, I'm the one who's been treated well, and I don't like it. That's the biggest ball-buster that ever was. That's when I hit him. I expected I was going to be looked up for it.

**Maclean:** And that was the last you were on TV?  
**Trumble:** Yes. I was 100 at the time.

**Maclean:** Do you think you know when you're going to die?  
**Trumble:** I think so. I pretty near died the other day. I know I was going through a dying stage. I just felt dizzy.

**Maclean:** What kind of shape do you think the world is in these days?  
**Trumble:** Pretty bad. You don't know yourself what to do, you don't know what to believe. If you'd listen to a lot of people, you'd think the moon was made out of green cheese. You can't hardly

believe a picture anymore. The Bible says go out and produce your seed, and don't take any money. Now, they're dying to get something to make money.  
**Maclean:** Were you poor for most of your life?  
**Trumble:** Well, principally I didn't have too much. But I always had lots to eat. I could make things go and I could make money. When I couldn't work no more I said, 'Well, the old lady's worn out, but I've got a brain yet. I'll work my brain.' So I made some books. I made about \$5,000. It was better than sitting around dreaming about it.

**Maclean:** You published your first book when you were 20?  
**Trumble:** I dedicated the devil, that's all.  
**Maclean:** Do you still go into the city?  
**Trumble:** There's nothing in the city. Just Gordon Sinclair. But I rather like that other man... smooth-faced fellow. Charles Thompson.  
**Maclean:** Did you think you would live to be this old?  
**Trumble:** Well, no, I didn't. I don't think it was my doing, whatever made me live so long. I've got something yet that God wants to show me what to do before I pass away.

By Merri Jackson

David Trumble is the same age as Canada—122 years old. Most of his life has been spent digging, mining or farming the area around North Brook, Ontario, the village south of Belleville where he still spends his summers. Trumble has owned four wives, 12 brothers and sisters and most of his 19 children, a son, Elwood, born where Trumble was 75, lives with him in North Brook, and he has a sister in California.

In the first decade of his second century, Trumble decided to become an author. His new career was somewhat complicated by the fact that he doesn't read or write, but with the help of Toronto writer Glen Ellis, his stories of the old days—the very old days, before history was recorded—have been collected in two books. When I Was a Boy, and The Road to St. Olaf. A third book is now ready for print. For the past few years his eyesight has been dimmed by cataracts, but he still reads a large part

*'I broke my back, broke my arm... broke my heart'*

of his days 'unless I figure I could jump over the moon. Other days, I couldn't jump over a sparrow.' When Toronto writer Merri Jackson visited David Trumble in North Brook, he was walking back from town with a cane, wearing a Messing-Pergason cap and overalls.

**Maclean:** Is that your grandfather's cane?  
**Trumble:** Yes, it's about 300 years old. My grandfather was 104 when he died. It's made out of hickory.

**Maclean:** Do you have a healthy life?  
**Trumble:** In a way I do. I don't live a happy life any more, I can't see, you know. If you can't see nothing, you can't do nothing. All your enjoyment is in your night.

**Maclean:** Have you had many accidents, many close calls in the course of your life?  
**Trumble:** I only want to read one day in my life. How do you expect me to read?

**Maclean:** How can I put this then, is religion a comfort to you?  
**Trumble:** Oh much, much... when you're downcast and you don't feel yourself and you're just ready to give up, some small one says 'pagan'.

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**Club Med**



**Maclean's:** Don't you think your books are important?

**Trudeau:** Yes, very. I wish they'd get the third one out.

**Maclean's:** What do you think it is about the way you live that has kept you strong?

**Trudeau:** I never eat all I want, I stay hungry. I'll just eat what I think is enough.

**Maclean's:** If you were able to get up on stage and give people advice, what would you tell them?

**Trudeau:** I was up on stage there in Ottawa, and Trudeau said, "Mr. Trudeau what do you think of Canada's way?" And I said, "I've worked for about 164 years, worked to make a good place to live and a good government, and then Mr. Trudeau got in, and in 15 years he's ruined the whole country (snorting) He almost killed me."

**Maclean's:** Why do you think he's ruined the country?

**Trudeau:** He can't tell the truth.

**Maclean's:** Do you drink or smoke?

**Trudeau:** I haven't had a drink for five years, I smoke a little bit, but I can't find anything in the Bible about not smoking. Some preachers say if the Lord intended a man to smoke he'd put a chimney in his head, and I say that's just a mistake. He made, that's all. But I can smoke or leave it alone.

**Maclean's:** You read some religious scriptures.

**Trudeau:** Oh, every place I go I've got a bunch of bibles... I must have 200 gospels.

**'We're supposed to be people, we're not dumb animals'**



grandchildren. Some of them are all right, some of them aren't. They're mixed up, like a dog's breakfast.

**Maclean's:** Do you have any regrets?

**Trudeau:** I didn't love the women enough. I should have had more love. My wives... I was wanted to fly high, and I let them go. My first wife, she ran away when we raised our family. She went away and I've never seen her since that day to this. I don't know if she's dead. I hope she isn't. <g>

**Follow-up**

## Out with the young, in with the old



Just ten months ago the city of Cleveland was a joke, but not a very funny one. It was on the verge of bankruptcy, its schools were closed by strikes, its police were disgruntled, industry was leaving and it was rapidly becoming a very uncomfortable place to live. For years the city had been mismanaged and the mistakes finally became critical under the chaotic leadership of Mayor Dennis J. Kucinich, known widely and aptly as "Dennis the Menace."

The 55-year-old mayor was in no traditional row after another with city council and business leaders as he made awkward appointments and walked out in confrontation when the crises crept out for consultation. He named to the job of police chief a 36-year-old who had never been a policeman, and as finance director a 30-year-old who was not an accountant. Last November Kucinich was defeated at the polls and George V. Voinovich, a 43-year-old Republican lawyer who had been Ohio's lieutenant-governor for the past year, took over as mayor. He has proved to be the right man, just in time.

Working quietly, efficiently and diplomatically, Voinovich has needed the bridges to business and not the city straight on the long, hard road to recovery. The mayor and city council seem to agree on almost everything. "It's going well," says George L. Forbes, the council president. "He listens and I listen and things are getting done."



Kucinich: from mismanagement to chaos

In April the council adopted Voinovich's financial recovery plan. An exhaustive audit that he ordered showed that Cleveland was more than \$100 million behind in loan payments. Early this month the mayor sent his top aides to talk with the banks holding the debt notes, and they are now expected by independent sources to secure a 12-year bond early this summer to take the city out of deficit. Voinovich has plans for years of austere City wages, staff and services are being kept to an absolute minimum. "As this part, I think we're going to make it," says the mayor. Meanwhile, the abrasive Kucinich has dropped out of public life and is still "considering" his future.

William Loutch





## How green was their valley

Urban sprawl and ever-increasing non-resident ownership are indeed threats to Canadian and, in particular, Saskatchewan farmland. As a young Canadian who was brought up on a farm, I extremely hope that Ray MacGregor's article will encourage federal and, particularly, provincial politicians to take immediate and concrete steps to protect existing farmland.

JEFF SCOTT, CUPAR, SASK.

I would like to express my thanks for the article *The Vanishing Land* (Environment, May 12). As with the rest of your magazine it was excellent in that it dealt with an issue pending not only just to Canada but to the whole world. It

Colleen Peters and Michael MacKenney discuss wild life history.

is sad that most politicians ignore the problem of our disappearing farmland and the impossibility of young, aspiring farmers getting a start. Thanks MacGregor's—keep up the great work.

JAMIE T. DEANSON, WATERLOO, ONT.

Ray MacGregor's article drawing attention to the true value of land is not before its time—other nations have sacrificed their precious land on the altar of immediate gains only to regret it when it is too late. As most nations "progress" from a state of primary producers to one of city dwellers, so the farwest is made to take second place. One day those city dwellers will wake up hungry, but then it will be too late.

A. KENNEDY, CHESTERDALE, IRELAND, IRE.

## A womb with a view

In your recent story *Birth of the Abortion Pill* (Health, June 2) you identified a pro-choice poster as an anti-abortion poster. The slogan "Every mother a willing mother, every child a wanted child" explains clearly the position of freedom of choice for abortion as well as parenthood. You have done your readers a disservice by confusing the pro-choice and anti-choice positions in an article that seeks to clarify the abortion issue in Canada. It is only through education, counselling and the dissemination of contraceptive devices that we can control and lower the abortion rate. Access to safe, legal abortion must continue to be made available to Canadian women who have to deal with the imperfect realities of the present.

KAREN HAMMOND, PRESIDENT  
CANADIAN ABORTION RIGHTS  
ACTION LEAGUE, TORONTO

## No fuel like an old fuel

Petrick J. McGeer fees indeed make it all sound so incredibly easy (For a Vision in Your Tank, Politics, May 26 and, admittedly, his article invited us to transcend the rampant phantasies generated by the many hypotheses on Canada's supposed limited energy resources. What boggles the mind is why we continue to use gasoline in our automobiles and not compressed natural gas. For such an obviously necessary improvement, no criticism (we) need to be offered to motorists, service stations and/or manufacturers to stimulate a conversion. If \$1,500 is the total cost for a car conversion kit, put my name as the last—I'll accept that amount within a 12-month period.

DAVID D. MURPHY, TORONTO

## Hyper-hyphenation

Allan Fetheringham's column *O Canada! At The Quail on the Western Front* (April 21) referred to Lethbridge, Alta., as a "quai-Tanker town." Although not allowing the reference was only hyper-accurate and semi-sarcastic. In fact, the scorching impression left is that the comment was super-confused.

TED ALLEN, TABER, ALTA.

## The late, last resort

After reading your article *Quaking at The National* (Canada, April 14), we were shocked to learn that *Canadiana* (OCTV) has been cancelled. This was a sad day for us.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should include their full name and address, and send correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 211 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5W 1A7.



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voluntarism program which not only pointed out the injustice in our present society but also attempted to resolve the problems. Ombudsmen helped hundreds of people satisfactorily resolve their problems. It was a last resort when individuals had been confronted by dead ends everywhere and had tried every possible means of resolving their problems. In my opinion the institution of Ombudsmen is a step away from democracy and human rights.

JOSEPH BORTOLUCCI, CHAIRPERSON  
HUMAN RIGHTS COMMISSION  
VOICE OF THE BORN FREE, 1993, KALIS

#### A little travelling music

There is a curious inconsistency to the comment by Gerry McIsidelle in his article *Denied* by the *Post-Field* (Polina, May 12). While bemoaning publishers and decriing the lack of appreciation for journalists by "newspaper readers and those we report on," he insists the program to upgrade tourism reporting about Canada provided by the participation of American Express Canada, Inc., is the seminal award program of the Tourism Industry Association of Canada. As an "investigative reporter"

he has the facts as well as our name wrong. The Empire Canada Awards by American Express are given for outstanding contributions by journalists to Canadian tourism. The program encourages original, sensitive and well-documented articles. These awards are presented to the writer in person at the two annual national conferences. The criteria indicate that readers worldwide are being informed about Canada through an increasing number of excellent articles.

F. G. SEARIDGE, PRESIDENT  
TOURISM INDUSTRY  
ASSOCIATION OF CANADA, OTTAWA

I appreciate Gerry McIsidelle's concerns about our industry and its credibility and I agree with most of his criticisms. To be fair, however, that it is a shame McIsidelle spent so much time in self-criticism of the media when he could be devoting his time to developing these stories for which he was well known in the past. Such stories add as much to our industry's credibility as self-criticism, which appears to be the "in" thing with media folks today.

BOB KENNEDY, SENIOR DIRECTOR,  
CHRYSLER FINANCIAL SERVICES

#### The numbers game

Your article entitled *Markle's Push Over a Boulding Budget* (Canada, May 5) contains a sentence referring to the Ontario budget that, I feel, is unfair and misleading. It says, "Conservative boasts about the federal deficit raise hell against the seemingly stuporous 41-per-cent deficit increase in the '93 budget brought down by Ontario Treasurer Frank Miller last week." By taking per centage here out of context, that sentence seems to imply that Ontario's deficit management record is not better than that of the federal government. The facts show that this is not so. What is Ontario's deficit record compared to the federal government? This year our deficit will be less than six per cent of provincial expenditures. By contrast, according to MacIsidelle's figures, the federal deficit will be more than 18 per cent of federal spending.

FRANK MILLER  
TREASURER OF ONTARIO, TORONTO

#### Spreading wings

I read your article *Quebec Means Business* (Cover, April 14) with great interest as my company has recently gone "outside" through acquisition in Ontario and in the New England states. Many thanks for showing Canada that Quebec has something to contribute to Canada apart from hockey players.

ANDREW BAKER, EXECUTIVE VICE  
PRESIDENT, ACORN INC., DEARPORT QUE.

Canada

Macleans



Lalonde and Leacock  
employees all process  
two new offers  
on the 21st floor

CHUCK BROWN  
GET OUT

## More a fandango than a pavane

By John Hay

In the now-familiar ritual, Alberta and the federal government have passed the formal opening steps toward a new oil pricing scheme. Provincial Energy Minister Steve Leitch and Ottawa's Marc Lalonde must together last week, reached an agreement and handed the negotiations, to resume in July, on to their first ministers. Stiffly stylized as that sounds, there is enough noise and confusion in all this to be more fandango than pavane. Leitch's Ottawa visit begins off-balance when a countermeasure at the energy department barred the Alberta's ease from the parking space saved for it. That gave food, though hardly approval in the next day and a half of meetings across the vast risk table in the 21st-floor conference room. Lalonde says he made two offers—the third and fourth tented by the feds since the Gerts took office in March. One provided for a schedule of price increases in future years and a formula for splitting the revenues among the producing companies, producing provinces and the federal treasury. The other provided less largesse for Ottawa, but committed Alberta to contribute to a kind of inter-provincial money pool which would subsidize nonproducer provinces. Leitch's reply to both was "All of the offers left us very, very far apart," he later told reporters. Lalonde agreed it would be wrong to say agreement is near. "The

reverse would be much closer to the truth." There is so far no compromise on Alberta's insistence that domestic oil prices be tied to the rising trend of foreign prices. And as for Lalonde's new equalization plan, Alberta officials complained it was just a sketchy concept outline which, anyway, went outside Leitch's cabinet mandate to talk prices.

Both sides' demands are still on the table. Lalonde wants a compromise commitment to keep the price rise this year below the \$4 a barrel strapping laid December by the Clark cabinet is a deal reached with Alberta but never signed. But Lalonde also insists that Ottawa reap the same revenues from oil and gas taxes as the Tery deal provided for the four years 1980 through 1983. In Edmonton, on the other hand, Premier Peter Lougheed wants the same benefits as Alberta would have enjoyed from the Clark deal—essential, he says, to foster industrial development against the day the wells run dry, and to pay for costly oil sands projects.

All this opens at least one obvious route to compromise. Leaving this year's increase under \$4, future rises could be juggled while ensuring each side the gains contained in the Clark agreement. That enticed for the price of a barrel of Alberta crude to go up by \$4.56 in each of the next three years. But Lalonde's department now says that a rider in that agreement, linking Alberta prices to foreign rates, could ac-

tually lead to yearly increases of more than \$10. Lougheed and Premier Maurice Poirer Trudeau now have little time to sort all this out. A 1977 pricing deal, under which the price rose \$1 last Jan. 6 to \$14.75 a barrel, was to expire June 30 (Each dollar added to a barrel of crude adds a host 3.5 cents to a gallon of gasoline at the pump, or 1/3rd of a cent per litre.) It was Leitch who proposed the one-month extension to give Lougheed and Trudeau time to bargain.

Although there is no guarantee the two leaders will agree, intraprovincial power have always been part of the routine oil talks. This time, Lougheed was anxious passage in the Alberta legislature of a law giving his cabinet power to set oil production levels each month—authority, in other words, to turn off the taps. Back in Ottawa, Lalonde pointedly cited the Petroleum Administration Act, giving the federal cabinet power to fix oil and natural gas prices unilaterally, failing agreement with the provinces. A legal contest between the two governments over resources would raise the danger of non-constitutional conflict just when the federal and provincial governments across the country are seeking consensus as a new constitution. But sources in both the federal and Alberta delegations admit privately they never expected the two energy ministers to reach agreement in Ottawa. With so many billions of dollars at stake, the last dance could only be for Trudeau and Lougheed.

# Third World on the doorstep

Bylan Anderson

George Kakegawa, leader of the Ojibwa Rat Portage band, stands by the shores of his shimmering Lake of the Woods and talks of his people's grievances. Poor, undereducated, jobless, leant by alcoholics, they are a Third World community just up the road from the Kenora Golf and Country Club. Their plight is a cliché. If one is to believe the new survey of Indian conditions produced by the department of Indian Affairs, the department has withheld the report since its completion this spring, but Metcalfe obtained a copy.

On charts and statistics offer mixed self-condemnation of the department's



inability to improve the natives' lot. But these charts are not as Kakegawa's mind. He's talking about marinas and big yachts.

The Rat Portage band, 250 strong, own about 46 km of shoreline on the lake. Hundreds of pleasure boats pass by the reserve each week. Ten years ago the band thought it would be smart to build a marina to serve the traffic. The area or right now jive would about double the number of people employed on the reserve. After 19 years they put off the staffing from Indian Affairs, says Kakegawa. They begged the department and got funding from another agency. Now Indian Affairs wants to help. "I guess they want part of the credit," says Kakegawa. There are another 30,000 Indians on 2,200 other reserves across the country still unemployed.

Kakegawa has little good to say about Indian Affairs. In his Indian Conditions: A Survey, the department takes a more straightforward look at itself. "The new was expressed by Indians and department officials [that is, in a sense] since there was too much apparent haste to achieve results, and some programs, such as social assistance, were regarded as destructive," reads one passage. "The



George Kakegawa, Marie Seymour find an employment Indians in Kenora. "What else is there to do when there's no work?"

a group studying living conditions for natives in the city. "Life is miserable for them on the reserves," he says. "No housing is bad, many places have no electricity or running water and on top of that there is no work. It sort of pushes them off the reserves."

Perhaps most shocking are the rates of child mortality on the reserves—four times higher than the national average for children under age 5. A Kenora study shows that Indian children are admitted to hospital between five and 19 times more frequently for infectious diseases than the provincial average. The children are gastroenteritis and pneumonia—but these diseases stem from malnutrition and poor sanitation, says Kenora's district health director, Robert Mar. Children are dying, he says, "for lack of well-known and obvious substances."

In the waters near where the Rat Portage band will finally build its marina, a band member was found drowned two weeks ago. He had probably been drinking. "What else is there to do when there's no work," Kakegawa states—as if it were a national law. No one disputes the link between alcoholism and unemployment. Far more money is being spent in Kenora dealing with alcohol abuse, however, than on job creation. In this town of some 15,000 people, about 850 million is spent yearly on alcohol problems, more than \$100,000 a year for all its capital improvements. Eventually the band would like to use its building skills to build log cottages along its shoreline and rent them out to tourists. For all the building on the reserve, the men do not get any credit for

better success rates, the Ontario government issues any of its Kenora employees with alcohol problems to Thunder Bay or Toronto for treatment.

Others estimate just 6.6 per cent of its Indian programs budget to fostering economic development, the survey reports. This is less than one-third of what it spends on welfare payments to Indians. "Some" government officials, the survey says, feel "very little in the way of self-sustaining economic development has been accomplished."

Among Indian leaders, the government manpower programs take heavy criticism. "The things they're training you for are not on the reserves," says Colin Wamoose, a member of the Kenora Board of Education. "If you're a

Unemployed native, self-condemnation of an inability to improve the natives' lot.



## INDIAN CONDITIONS

measured there's no use going back to a reserve—there's no garage or body shop there." Wamoose says Ottawa must listen while Indians "identify their needs, not the bureaucrats in Ottawa saying what they need."

One of the most successful employment programs in Kenora was developed by a native, Marie Seymour. Her idea was simple: train people for jobs that are available. "We know what we need," she says. "We don't advocate for the sake of education. We want people when they come in and place them where they can succeed." Applicants to her New Careers program are told they must learn to play the game. "We tell them at the start that if they want the job there are certain things they must do, like come into work at 9 instead of 9:30 and call in with an excuse instead of just not showing up," Seymour says. "It has more respect coming from native people themselves. They have to learn to deal with the community—and the community is white."

On the Rat Portage reserve the men are building log houses. About 12,000 new houses are needed to relieve overcrowding on reserves, the survey says, but Rat Portage gets just \$71,000 a year for all its capital improvements. Eventually the band would like to use its building skills to build log cottages along its shoreline and rent them out to tourists. For all the building on the reserve, the men do not get any credit for

the experience which would ordinarily get their journeyman's papers. Unable, therefore, to work off the reserve, they make about one-third the wage of a unskilled craftsman five minutes down the road. "No experience and no education—this is the old double whammy," says Colin Wamoose.

Upstream from the reserve stands Devil's Gap rock, where the Ojibwa once made offerings to some long-forgotten god. These days the tour-bus operators take the tourists there and sell the Indians beads. There is a lesson in each enterprise for young Indian leaders like Kakegawa. "You've got to learn to trade," he says. "The important thing is to get involved, to go out and get it. Because if you don't, well . . ." And there is a certain elegance in the huge staves in the nearby woods. The government has told the hand the forest is too dry now to let them burn it.

With files from Dale Elder in Regina

## Manitoba

### An erotic error that titillates

"It's a complete misreading of people," blundered a disappointed but astounded Joe Berowski last week. "It's a mere technicality, but I intend to pursue it." The former Manitoba cabinet minister, self-styled anti-alcoholism and anti-smoking crusader, was expressing his frustration after Judge Charles Roben struck an obscenity charge Berowski had laid because the wording revealed an ignorance of the proper nomenclature of oral sex.

It all started earlier this month when the Canada Council Art Bank received an exhibition of artworks in the lobby of the Winnipeg Convention Centre. The centre's management, desperately suggested that exhibition co-ordinator Thelma Dion might want a private space to display some of the "more suggestive" pieces, referring in particular to a series of 30 color photographs by Ottawa artist Richard Nigro, showing a naked couple with painted faces engaged in a variety of erotic poses.

Dion agreed to move some of the eye-raising poses to the back of the exhibition, but that didn't prevent visits from two plainclothes policemen who perched at the Nigro work with suspicious frowns. "They stayed so long I thought they were art experts," Dion said, unamused. The police went brought with it a lot of publicity—and Berowski.

"He was very polite and told me he wanted to rent one picture as he could withdraw it from circulation," Dion said. "I explained that only government

departments and nonprofit institutions can rent from the Art Bank."

After Crown Attorney Wayne Mychukowski had reviewed police reports and concluded that nothing about the Nigro photographs contravened the Criminal Code, Berowski issued a private complaint. A summons was issued demanding that Dion appear in court last week to answer charges of displaying an obscene photograph portraying an act of fellatio. "Public money shouldn't be wasted buying this kind of obscene trash," said Berowski, who estimated his private prosecution could cost him as much as \$15,000 and admitted his action would only add to the show's notoriety and crowds. "If we don't stop them now they'll just come back next year with even bigger pictures," he said.



Dion with one of the "more suggestive" pieces, (left) Berowski wanted to rent one to put it out of circulation.

of the Ottawa government art agency. After the court discovered that the charge read "fellatio" when it should have read "cunnilingus," Berowski's lawyer, Wilfred De Groot, argued that it all amounted to the same thing, that it was the obscenity, not the details of the act, that was at issue. On the other hand, Dion's Winnipeg lawyer, Greg Brodsky, wondered aloud if a man who doesn't know the difference between fellatio and cunnilingus can know the difference between art and pornography. The Crown could prevent him

from acting further and wanting one day I don't know why it doesn't."

As for the exotic display, Dion has persuaded Nyrse that she should buy it. "I want to display it in my apartment," she shoobles. "After all, it has played a major part in my life."

As the Art Bank co-ordinator departed Winnipeg, Bonowski said he is preparing a new and quarterly worded magazine. Nor was that all. Back in Ottawa, Dion and her colleagues discovered that a muscular poster-boy had taken exception to an abstract steel sculpture displayed by the Art Bank in Rockcliffe Park and chucked it into the Ottawa River. **Peter Carlo-Gordner**

## New Brunswick

### The strip show from a tent

Invasions by tree-destroying pests are hardly unknown in New Brunswick, where the spruce budworm goes on as annual visits. Still, the province was hardly prepared for the latest assault on its forests—an overlarge crowd-crowded forest tent caterpillar. Attacking a variety of hardwood species, including trembling aspen and



Forest tent caterpillars, creepy-crawlers have striped over thousands of acres

white birch, the caterpillars this spring have striped bare thousands of acres in the St. John River Valley and even driven people from their homes. In getting a tremendous number of calls," says Thaddeus Renault, a forest extension officer with the Canadian Forestry Service in Fredericton. "People are desperate. They say, 'What can we do?' or 'What can you do?' Because little as it is, it's not Renault's any effort at controlling the caterpillars at this late date (by spraying with pesticides, for example) is doomed to failure because the pests are so abun-

dant. "All people can do is try to bear it, even if they can't grow about it."

For some, even that has been too tall an order. A family in the hard-hit Woodstock area moved out for some days after millions of the caterpillars, which are bluish brown with white keyhole-shaped spots and can measure up to five cm in length, invaded their house, even the windows of their house. Other families were forced from their homes on the Tobique Indian Reserve, and huge numbers of caterpillars could be seen crossing the Trans-Canada Highway along the river valley.

Fortunately, the province is much richer in than economic. Unlike the spruce budworm, whose defoliating habit eventually kills spruce and fir trees, the damage wrought by the tent caterpillar is due to its ability to be persistent. Pest officer Renault says that after two or three years of voracious munching the caterpillar will probably eat itself out of house and home and become prey to a virus or parasite. When that happens, the epidemic will collapse and the forest will recover. Even later this year there should be partial re-growth, thanks to latent buds which the pest doesn't get at. Until then, however, the grey slashes of defoliated forest will continue to give parts of the St. John Valley the look of a place where summer forces to arrive.

**David Pollock**

## Ontario

### The casting of the first stone

The hour was late and the meeting had been long and arduous, so the Catholic separate school board trustees could be forgiven for temporarily settling aside one of the most sensitive items to cross their agenda in 1978. After all, it is an issue that has frustrated Catholic boards across the country: how to ensure Catholic teachers and Catholic students when the Board of Education of the Catholic Roman Catholic School Board last week was intended, simply, to end flagrant displays of "non-Catholic behaviour" by teachers in their professional and private lives. But the result, say some of the board's 1,000 teachers, could be a witch-hunt. "We will sit it" and "Catholic teacher Alvin Lamoureux. "Are they going to want to know who is on the pill and who isn't?"

In fact, the policy being considered by the Carleton Board far fits 22 schools running within the Ottawa area. It's not specific. If passed later this summer, savvy board trustees would have to provide a letter from their parish priests attesting to their religious devotion.



Lamoureux, O'Neill. Are they going to want to know who's on the pill and who isn't?

Teachers already on staff would be "encouraged" to live their private lives according to Catholic dogma and, as taxpayers, to support the separate school system where possible. But behind the polite language in old-fashioned disapproval of teachers who divorce, marry outside the Catholic Church, live "in sin" or—ad perhaps most importantly—do any of these things before and publicly. Carleton trustee David Pollock says the board realizes social norms have "loosened" and that teachers, like everyone, are questioning traditional values. But the policy is aimed at those "who are having more than a normal struggle of faith people who don't want help or don't want to be part of the system. Certainly no witch-hunt is intended."

The theory problem of ensuring the "Catholicity" of teachers is a direct consequence of the near disappearance of the priests and nuns who once staffed Catholic schools. In the late 1960s, when teachers were scarce, "almost anyone who had been Catholic and could show a teaching certificate" was hired, says Father Paul Fogarty, executive secretary of the Federation of Catholic Education Associations of Ontario. Now, with jobs scarce and teachers plentiful, boards are tightening standards. The most celebrated incident occurred last year when the Board of Catholic Education of the Roman Catholic School Board last week was intended, simply, to end flagrant displays of "non-Catholic behaviour" by teachers in their professional and private lives. But the result, say some of the board's 1,000 teachers, could be a witch-hunt. "We will sit it" and "Catholic teacher Alvin Lamoureux. "Are they going to want to know who is on the pill and who isn't?"

In fact, the policy being considered by the Carleton Board far fits 22 schools running within the Ottawa area. It's not specific. If passed later this summer, savvy board trustees would have to provide a letter from their parish priests attesting to their religious devotion.

For example, 10 per cent of respondents teaching staff in Metropolitan Toronto had only three teachers in 1976 (1 per cent in 1977).

ations in lunchrooms, express resentment that, while their personal lives might be subject to scrutiny, no one is checking the bedroom or bathroom behavior of teachers or school administrators.

But even church officialdom is torn between compassion for individuals caught in social change and the need for moral absolutes. "We're not interested in judging a person's moral life, but when they do something publicly opposed to the church's basic moral set," says Fogarty. But isn't that hypocritical—allegedly not so much in the behavior as to the public scandal? Fogarty disagrees. "Where the facts are indisputable, we must promote good regulations." Then he quotes Jesus: "Let him among you who is without sin cast the first stone." Besides, he adds, good regulations and the authority teachers' unions to the issue will prevent the outbreak of any later-day bigotting.

**Steven Elley**

## Nova Scotia

### The party that quit a politician



MacEwan left, Akerman no control by party bureaucrats with clouded hands

The politician who decides to leave his party isn't at all as independent as it is stranger to Canadian politics, but it's not often the party decides to leave its politician—particularly a minority party having just four sitting members. That's where the Nova Scotia New Democratic Party found itself last week after the executive voted to get rid of Paul MacEwan, M.L.A. for Cape Breton Nova. Nobody would expect this outspoken MacEwan to take his expulsion quietly, and he hasn't.

A 10-year veteran of the legislature, MacEwan was one of the first New Democrats, along with leader Jeremy Akerman, elected in the province in 1978. The NDP seats are all in industrial Cape Breton, and MacEwan says he won't be controlled by "party bureaucrats" from mainland Nova Scotia who, he thinks, have their hands in the

cloud. In past sessions before and since his expulsion, MacEwan has denounced executive members as "syndicates from Truro" where the expulsion meeting was held and "radical extremists."

When he ruled MacEwan has a reputation for hard work and devotion to his constituents. Michael Blair Matheson, the only member of the executive to support him publicly, says MacEwan is "valued for the simple and common good things that he does," such as helping senior citizens with pension problems. But MacEwan also has a reputation as an abrasive maverick who carries on irrespective of party policy. Last fall, just before municipal elections in Cape Breton County, MacEwan issued a memo suggesting "unimpaired" or "unimpaired" teachers' salaries. Locked to the media, the memo became a source of political patronage, as six or so Party members were embarrassed, and MacEwan worried being expelled at the time only by his strength-of-ear to escape from the executive.

In mid-May, when Akerman announced his intention to resign after 18 years as party leader, MacEwan was back in the news, allowing that Akerman



MacEwan left, Akerman no control by party bureaucrats with clouded hands

was leaving because the party had been infiltrated by "Trojanists." That was the final straw, though party President Bob Levy says MacEwan isn't being ousted for his opinions. (MacEwan withdrew the remark when he could not substantiate it.) Levy says MacEwan has consistently violated party policy, has made enemies of those who disagree with him and has driven many people out of the party.

MacEwan will appeal his expulsion to the 75-member provincial council, which meets July 6-7. The province is gripped "bloody civil war" within the party if the decision isn't reversed. Levy fears the fight could continue until there's nothing left of the NDP in Nova Scotia. **See Column**

## P.E.I.

### Not working on the railroad

When Governor-General Lord Dufferin arrived in Charlottetown in July, 1873, to welcome P.E.I. into Confederation, he found that while in a high state of jubilation and quite under the impression that it is the Dominion that has been awarded a "Prize of Edward Island." There are local historians who suggest the jubilation was due less to patriotic fervor than the fact that Ottawa was to relieve P.E.I. of its crushing debt acquired in an orgy of public building after Confederation. They were paid by the mile but asked the tracks through every hamlet and farmyard on the island. The bad debts were assumed but Ottawa's fair pledge to keep the railroad running



Many new buildings after 30 years' work, and are of a present of the rails

and maintain a continuous transportation link with the mainland has been recalled with bitterness last week, as fears arose that Canadian National is preparing to pull out of the province altogether.

P.E.I.'s modest population of 135,000 and the seasonal nature of transportation needs, mostly potatoes, are not calculated to produce railway profits, considering the expenses involved in maintaining a year-round system taking the province from Toronto to Seattle. Thus, passenger service was discontinued in late 1966, and now CN is requesting total rail abandonment near Montserrat, less frequent schedules as its mainline freight runs and, this month, the company laid off 160 members of its Charlottetown car maintenance shop.

A majority of the men in Charlottetown's car repair shop were given two weeks' notice, some of them with more than 30 years' service. Says one of them, Windsor Mass., "My skills toward CN

are pretty raw right now. I never thought they'd treat their men this way, especially since none of them were getting near to retirement. They told us earlier this year they would only reduce staff through attrition. Now we don't get any benefits." However, in an almost-four move, ON recalled the men temporarily—at least until the end of July.

Regional Vice-President David Blair says goods shipped off the island by rail have declined by 30 per cent over the past two years, a trend likely to continue. Public affairs officer David Butler describes fears that ON wants to pull out of the island entirely as being "erratic" and says the line is willing to carry any traffic demanded of it. The Catch-22 is that island shippers have developed more faith in truck transport. Notes straddling the looming oil crisis, Ottawa's policy appears to be anti-rail, with federal funds flowing into a 90-30 cost-sharing arrangement on the construction and maintenance of supposedly all-weather highways. But



ON ship, truck this Catco-22 is that island shippers have more faith in trucks.

that, too, provokes mainly complaints. More letters than ever have appeared recently in local papers, many from visitors condemning deterioration of island roads produced by steadily increasing truck traffic.

ON admits its tracks are maintained to a level only sufficient to accommodate today's usage and would require considerable upgrading to handle any increased traffic. FRI's senior responsible for transportation, George McIlhenny, wants Ottawa to approve rail service to what is now 30 years ago, since rail is the only measurable transport alternative for the province in the shortage years ahead, given anticipated oil price rises and consequent increases in the cost of supplies. But observers feel the province must trade-off its concerns into a comprehensive transportation policy before it can hope to get anything but stopgap aid from Ottawa.

John Ramsey

## Yukon

### 'I knew we were going to be dead'

**M**ountaineer Peter Perre, 25, tossed himself against the slope of Canada's highest mountain—6,000-metre Mount Logan in the northwest Yukon—and prepared for the shock he knew would come. On the other end of his safety rope, 33 metres away, his climbing partner and fellow Mount National Park warden, Tim Ager, 35,

denial, though, should have killed them. Two Americans still lie buried beneath a snowslide that struck them on Mount Logan in 1978. Instead, the avalanche probably saved their lives. "It sort of contained us," Ager evaded. "We were airborne over at least two ice cliffs."

When they landed atop an avalanche fan on the glacier, Ager was buried in snow. He had a crushed shoulder blade and a clipped backbone. But he was still tied to Perre, and Perre—suffering from a severely dislocated knee—dog him out.

For the rest of the eight-man expedition, which Parks Canada had placed on



Mount Logan, Ager and the two climbers dropped, they were rescued by an avalanche their own 100 ft had started.

Mount Logan's massive glacier in Klondike National Park the week before, the rescue of their two comrades was routine. The expedition comprised Parks Canada employees who were alpine rescue specialists from Ager and Klondike as well as three itself—a fact that made the accident survival embarrassing. Ager himself is a veteran of 30 years' climbing experience, including a 1977 ascent of Mount Everest, near Everest (Nevada), Oct. 30, 1977. The team was on a training expedition up Logan's east ridge and had been descending when the accident occurred at about the 5,000-metre level. Ironically, the climbers had traversed the same area safely numerous times while setting up a camp the previous week.

Called by radio, a helicopter plucked the injured man from muddy Logan's slope four hours after the fall. "Would they go back to climbing after this?" "Sure," agreed Ager and Perre, before Perre was moved to Calgary for orthopedic treatment, but they looked at each other. The question had been on their minds.

Michael MacLeod

## USA

### Into the wild red yonder

By William Lowther

**B**y two o'clock in the afternoon big brace Vento, the Democratic congressman from St. Paul, Minn., bit a five o'clock shafaw. It adds a tough edge to his dark, brooding features. He looks and sounds worried. The man of his concern is the F-15 fighter plane, the aircraft that Canada is buying to fulfill defence needs through the 1990s.

Ottawa has 137 of them on order from America's giant McDonnell Douglas Corp. at an expected cost of about \$4 billion, the biggest capital contract in Canadian history, and Defense Minister Gilles Lamontagne was quick to attest to good cold water on Vento's initial charges. But last week the con-



An F-15A emerges from under the wing of a mother ship, was only ghost in the air. Louis (left), Lamontagne before last ride. Canadians had better pay close, close price.

gressman produced new evidence that makes it clear that design problems and spiralling costs are sure to make the F-15 substantially more expensive than the expected price tag—just as European countries who bought the first F-15 in the mid-1970s found "series first of the century" also have been plagued. Warm Vento: "The Canadians had better pay very close attention to production, to delivery dates and to the performance of the product they eventually get."

Vento is calling for open congressional hearings into the aircraft, of which the U.S. Navy plans to buy 1,337. In a month-long investigation into the F-15, he says he has assembled "tremendous information" which shows that

"Canada has purchased the F-15 (McDonnell Douglas) which delivers an F-15 through with a single unit."



An F-15A emerges from under the wing of a mother ship, was only ghost in the air. Louis (left), Lamontagne before last ride. Canadians had better pay close, close price.

not only is the plane well behind production schedules, it is running \$1.5 billion over budget and is suffering from major technical difficulties. He believes that it may never reach the performance standards that were promised when the plane was sold to Canada. "There is something drastically wrong with this plane," he claims. "It needs a basic redesign. I am being very decent about this thing. Based on the information that I have, I could say that the whole business is no more than a house of cards and that it ought to be killed."

Among the evidence that Vento has gathered is a 36-page report prepared by the General Accounting Office—an

investigative arm of Congress—entitled "F-15 Naval Strike Fighter: An Uncertain Investment in Uncertainty." The report, issued in February but almost entirely overlooked, even by officials, maintains: "The F-15 and its associated systems 'have problems [which] must be corrected if the aircraft is to fulfill its mission requirements effectively.'" What specifically is wrong? Two pilots have discovered that the F-15's acceleration is slower than anticipated, that its range is not as great as was expected and that there are problems in getting the assembled oil ground at takeoff.

The report notes: "Based on the [U.S. Department of] Defense threshold, the F-15 should accelerate from Mach 0.8 to Mach 1.8\* at 30,000 feet within a specified period of time. As of Nov. 25, 1978, this requirement had not been met," and, what's more, "neither the Navy nor contractor officials could say specifically why the aircraft did not accelerate as expected, what will be done to correct the problem or exactly when this problem will be corrected."

The navy's new was that the acceleration problem occurred in a speed range that would be infrequently flown in.

\*Mach is defined as the ratio of the speed of an aircraft to the velocity of sound under given conditions.

also said the problem could be solved easily by increasing engine thrust. But, says the CDA, this would reduce engine reliability and durability, and it adds that one reason for the acceleration problem is that the F-18 now weighs nearly 9,000 pounds more than originally intended, partly because of "severely significant initial engineering estimates."

There are other nagging doubts. Early last December, the report reveals, a major airframe bulkhead failed during testing. This has had to be redesigned. There have even been problems with the weapons system involved. The Canadian F-18 will be armed in part with 20-mm guns and Sparrow and Sidewinder missiles. Says the report: "Recent evaluations have shown that, while the 20-mm gun is reliable

cost about \$10 million each. While inflation is responsible for some of this, a good deal of the cost increase has been caused by the need for design and development changes.

Twelve other congressmen are now backing Vento's call for public hearings and he has been invited to testify before the appropriate subcommittee in defense. Joseph Addabbo, the powerful chairman of that subcommittee, reflected the concern felt throughout Congress in a letter to Vento earlier this month. "The members of the Subcommittee on Defense Appropriations are well aware of the issues raised in the recent CDA report as well as other reported problems and share your concern. We are giving the F-18 program very careful scrutiny."

Says Vento: "The further we get into

hearings so that there can be no cover-up. In private, everyone agrees with my point, but they won't say it in public. We've been contacted by the White House. The Carter administration people say 'Yeah, you're right, boy, there's some real problems with the F-18. The committee members all agree. But they will do it in private. I want it out in the open.'"

So what about the Canadian contract? Says Vento: "If the Canadians think there is merit to the questions that I am raising, they should insist that they are answered. Canada is a lot better off than the Congress because it has a contract. It can demand performance in accordance with that contract and if it can't then then surely Canada doesn't have to buy."

But things may not be that simple. A senior Canadian defense official who is directly involved in the F-18 buying program says: "We have been relying on the U.S. Navy for information about the progress of the F-18 and they have not informed us of any major problems. We have a fixed-price contract of a type of contract, but there is obviously an escalation clause built into it." What that means in practice is that the price can increase with certain identified inflation factors agreed between Ottawa and McDonnell Douglas. "There's a relatively complicated formula worked out," said the official. That involves a price in 1975 dollars with an inflation factor written in.

Moreover, there is no agreement on who pays what for research and development. "If the CDA is to be believed, a major factor is higher costs. Said the Canadian official: "We are negotiating with the U.S. government right now about how much we are going to have to pay."

The contract does list specifications and, says the official, "if the plane doesn't reach those specifications and standards, then we will have to negotiate a price adjustment." But for the mid-inflation and an inflation factor for research and development—the Canadian taxpayer will, it is clear, have to bear his own substantially increased share.

## A boiling kettle of fish

External Affairs Minister Mark MacGuigan calls the U.S./Canada fisheries treaty "the most serious bilateral issue we have with any country." Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island says the U.S. will not bend to pressure and "accept a treaty which, in the current form, is just not equitable



Canada (left) won't bend export-tick. Governor with Senator (right) Kennedy and Pell charges that the government 'soured them'.

are climbing daily, while in Canada the fishermen haven't been hit nearly as hard.

On a calm, sunny day last week south-loper James Caville was reading his 25-metre boat, the Anthony J. Bellmore, for a trip into the Gulf of Maine. He said: "For an eight- to 10-day trip I make \$25,000 or \$30,000. But I burn 60 gallons of fuel on board, and diesel is up to a dollar a gallon. I have a crew of eight or nine. By the time I pay for everything, there isn't much left. There are more American boats out

there than there were a few years ago, and now they want to let the Canadians in."

The New England fisherman's hostility is directed more toward Washington than toward the Canadian fishing industry, however. They feel the Carter administration negotiated a raw deal for them, taking away access to important scallop and groundfish areas in the Gulf of Maine. Said one boat captain: "Our own government screwed us."

The fishermen see the treaty as a low-priority issue in Washington despite mounting pressure from Ottawa to move it through the Senate. As one anti-treaty organizer put it: "When Carter and Trudeau sit down in Vegas, the fish treaty won't even be on Car-



The F-18A, which Canada turned down, and Supply and Services Minister Jean-Jacques Blais "shifting information" asserted

and, realistically, its ammunition is ineffective."

Again: "The F-18's ability to evade enemy fighters enhances its survivability, however this capability is negated by the navy's plans to use the Sparrow. This means requiring the aircraft to keep its radar locked on target and after the missile hits. During this period of restricted manoeuvrability, the F-18 is, as are all other fighter aircraft, vulnerable to enemy fighters."

As for the Sidewinder, a short-range, infra-red guided missile. "It hit a target, the missile locks on the heat being emitted by the target. Recent tests have shown that enemy aircraft can successfully evade the Sidewinder."

The CDA report also identifies problems in the fighter's computer, engine starter, oil temperature and air-cooling systems. And then there is the question of cost. Originally it was said that the F-18 would cost about \$7 million a page. "Now it's thought they will



the F-18, the more contacts we develop, the worse the situation seemed to be. There are so many questions that must be answered. I don't think there is any national security risk here. There is a great deal of red-tape risk, however."

"I understood that at one point there were restrictions put on the plane so that pilots were not being allowed to fly it at top speed. It has had difficulty in diving and there have been problems with what they call wing flutter. We want all the questions answered in open

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ser's last life probably No. 1 for Trebas."

The Senate has had the treaty for more than a year. This spring, hearings were held, but Pelli and the other New England senators introduced amendments that would limit the treaty to a three-year agreement. The amendments also give the U.S. more control, and management over, military fishing areas. (As negotiated, the treaty gives Canada the edge on sealion but the U.S. gets more cod and haddock. In a separate treaty, both sides agreed to submit the Gulf of Maine boundary dispute, which emerged when both countries claimed a 100-nautical mile, to arbitration.)

Ottawa says the amendments are unacceptable. Earlier this month Romeo LeBlanc, minister of fisheries and oceans, announced that Canadian fishermen would be allowed to increase their quotas on cod, haddock and yellowtail flounder—the categories in which the U.S. has the advantage under the treaty—because of the Senate's inaction. MacGillivray has suggested that passage of the treaty may now become "black" with other issues such as confined Canadian support for a grain embargo against the Soviet Union.

But the fishermen in Point Judith leave such details to the men they call "the politicians." These are not just their elected officials but men such as Alan Goodman who, an executive secretary of the Atlantic Offshore Fish and Lobster Association, has been one of the more outspoken and effective critics of the treaty. Last week he said "Mr. LeBlanc's action was completely ill advised. If anything, it has made our stand stronger."

Goodman spends a lot of time lobbying in Washington, but he also spends a lot of time in fishing boats in the Point Judith area of New Bedford, Mass. Two of his brothers are fishermen and many of the boat captains know him. He takes them aside, arm around their shoulders, given them the latest on the treaty and asks for their support. His own estimate: "We've got at least 90 per cent of the New England industry against this treaty."

They also have the support of the New England senators on the Foreign Relations Committee, which must approve the treaty. Until last month Senate Minority Leader Mike Mansfield favored but, when he became secretary of state, Senator Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts—the opposite reflection in the treaty's present form—opposed him on the committee. Last week Rhode Island's Pelli came right out and said the treaty had to be changed so it would stand no chance. A revised treaty, he claimed, would still be better than no treaty at all.

Catherine Fox



Hussein and aerial view of Baghdad's new where said has turned up many secrets

## World

# 'The strong men of the Arab world'

Iraq, which led its first democratic election in many years last week, is one of the most powerful factors in current Middle East politics. Behind the leadership of the Arab and unaligned worlds, its leaders are their own set of secrets to play off the superpowers and other interested nations against each other in a climate of secrecy where no sides are guaranteed by foreign journalists, normally restricted to short and infrequent visits. One exception is *Globe* writer and Australian journalist who knows the country well and recently returned from a month's stay. Her report:

**R**ashed Street, the people of Baghdad live, is the father of all streets. Every martyr commemorated on day or Rashid Street" according to venerable Islamic legend, but little is left of the thoroughfare's past glory, even from the 19th-century Ottoman period of this 1,600-year-old city.

But as British-made double-decker buses scrape past hydraulic suspension trucks from the United States, each threatening to flatten the pedestrian and negotiate the few remaining latrine balconies, Rashid Street continues to nominate a man whose dead here, in 1968, was an assassination attempt that neither killed the intended victim nor

murdered his attacker. This modern hero is Saddam Hussein, president of Iraq since last July. His dead was a patchwork attack on the then-president, Brigadier-General Abdul Karim.

Universally known to Iraqis, some of whose tell of killing him on his private visit to discuss domestic complaints and private troubles, Hussein lives an enigmatic impervious in the West, which he has seldom visited and for which he rarely grants interviews. Yet what little is known about Iraq abroad is projected onto this man whose Iraq biography has characterized as his "tactical" "reasoned and temperate," with a mind "in which he [Saddam] sealed up many secrets none could find."

Like many of his kin, the 49-year-old Hussein has been involved in Iraqi revolutionary politics all his life. For most of the 1950s he was a Ba'ath (Renaissance) party, which he now leads, has been a clandestine organization masterplanned by the larger political forces of the Middle East and headed by hostile regimes in neighboring Syria as well as Baghdad. Ever since the Ba'athists took power in Iraq in 1968, the party has been torn by bitter factionalism and violence. This has largely subverted with time, although as recently as last August, Hussein crushed a conspiracy of

party members against him and 21 senior officials were shot.

Doutrinal and organizational quarrels between the Baath and the Iraqi Communist Party (ICP) have also produced periodic violence, much of it taking in Southern Yemen and in London, where many Iraqi Communists have taken up exile. This year there have been growing attacks on Iraqi officials by members of the Ad-Dawla, a splinter group of Baathists living in Iraq who are associated with the Khawassa regime's campaign against Baghdad. The Ad-Dawla group was blamed for last week's attack on the British embassy in Baghdad. "Their intention was to create an illusion of arbitrariness," said an Iraqi diplomat in Washington, "and Iraqis disapproved of it." However, many officials in Iraq believe "the British are still playing a dirty game on Iraq," and that the attack had a double meaning.

In this atmosphere, it was perhaps richer than Western observers credit for Hussein's Revolutionary Command Council (RCC) to proceed to last week's elections for the Iraqi National Assembly. Still, looking for its 250 seats gave Hussein's followers a substantial majority.

At this time of year, the dusty streets which Iraq Baghdad to a banking, gritty standstill during the spring have given way to a makeshift swelter which drives the urban worker for cover of darkness and odors. But the city's summer rhythm still produces more traffic jams per day than most visitors will have ever seen. Commuters battle into the city in the morning to strengthen the resistance of the Tigris River to a surge home for the afternoon rest at 1 p.m., only to return to repeat the cycle in the late afternoon and evening. The government is trying to change this by shortening the workweek to five days and increasing daily hours, substituting air conditioning for the streets but traditional habits die hard.

Today in Iraq, no less than in other Arab states, there are natural tendencies for public opinion to divide under the intense pressure of the Arab-Israeli conflict, international disputes over oil production and prices and the enormous costs of developing the military equipment to resist threats from what are seen as Israel's aggressions and intervention from outside—America, Soviet, France and Britain.

Iraqis unanimously accept the role that Saddam Hussein has adopted of moderating inter-Arab disputes and preserving Arab unity in opposition to the Camp David accords. There is also

The Iraqi leadership assembled on the balcony of the presidential palace on the day 21 officials were executed, according to Iraqi media: Saddam Hussein (left)



considerable widespread anger in Iraq to pay the high price required by the economics of the oil embargo strategy Hussein advanced at last September's summit meeting in Moscow.

The government is setting aside substantial volumes of oil and billions of dollars in foreign aid to strengthen the resistance of the Tigris River to a surge home for the afternoon rest at 1 p.m., only to return to repeat the cycle in the late afternoon and evening. The government is trying to change this by shortening the workweek to five days and increasing daily hours, substituting air conditioning for the streets but traditional habits die hard.

To date, Iraq's advances have depended on the small, cautious Revolutionary Command Council which represents the cabinet and, through joint party and ministerial appointments, maintains the details of bureaucratic policymaking and administration. When the National Assembly convenes next month, it is worth adding, therefore, what Hussein's strategy will be subject to criticism.

The elections are an evident sign of the president's confidence that there will be no Shi'ite Muslim current or reaction—much looked for by the Western press—and no weakening in the Iraqi stand toward the hostile regime in Tel-

ran. Indeed, speculation by foreign journalists about deep-seated resentment on the part of Iraqi Shi'ites against the predominantly Sunni regime in Baghdad overlooks the religious Iraqis almost as badly as the same shrewdness undermined the potency of the Persian and Arab before the Arab fall. In Iraq the mosque has played an important popular political role for more than a generation.

What may produce distrust within the Iraqi assembly are the persistent disparities between rural areas and cities. Except for the Kurdish provinces in the north, which receive a special allocation of investment funds, regional development has not so far been a major point of government concern. Planners have concentrated instead on channeling money into high-priority industrial investments built up around the oil fields and ports around Basra, in the south, or in the vicinity of Baghdad—areas where at least two-thirds of the country's 13 million people live.

At the same time, agricultural output from vast rural areas is failing to match targets. Despite government land grants and credit incentives, peasants are continuing to move into city suburbs where work is easier and the pay and amenities greater.

Expressed in political terms, these trends may lead to friction in the new assembly over the budget, stimulating disputes over oil output and revenues as well as the foreign policy program to which all is put in Hussein's grand strategy. The government recently revised its spending plan for the 1981-82 fiscal year, but the new government will be how fully this satisfies the regime's ambitious goals (inside and outside Iraq). □

## South Africa

# One more grind of the heel

**S**hirley September stood on a corner watching as kids hurled stones at an ambulance which had picked up an injured person near her home in Laverdell Hill, Capetown. Suddenly a policeman jumped out of the ambulance and, shouting a 14-year-old schoolgirl, dropped dead. The bullet wound, over her left eye. Witnesses say the had nothing to do with the stoning.

The way Shirley lost her life appears to have been a common occurrence in



the mixing that overgrows ghettos for coloreds, or persons of mixed race, around the South African city last week. In what was essentially a war of attrition and terror against pass rights point to an embarrassing overkill by police, a perception that was reinforced by the posting of police guards to keep the press out of hospital wards, where more than 140 riot-wounded were recovering at week's end; and by the fact that police have yet to identify the 30 people they say died, although they stoutly refused newspaper reports that the death toll may have been twice as high.

In addition, residents of the affected areas complained of random and excessive police fire and were not surprised by a statement issued by Police Commissioner Michael Goldensberg, which he later retracted, that his men had orders to "shoot to kill" looters and arsonists.

The day of the rioting, Tuesday, began quietly enough, with many in the colored community complying with the two-day work stoppage imposed by the students and political activists—to commemorate the fourth anniversary of the 1976 bloody uprisings in the non-white township around Johannesburg and Capetown which left 373 people dead.

Tension began to build when police, who had previously kept their distance, put in appearance in the colored areas. Some residents said they noticed the show of force, and in one township, Ravensburg, they broke up a prayer meeting in a church hall which was being held in defiance of a government instruction on all meetings over the anniversary.

Crowds began to erect what they called "instant madbicks" of burning tires and driveways to keep out the police, while hundreds of teenagers gathered on the highway east of Capetown, which flows through the colored township, and stoned cars, paying particular attention to the Mercedes and other expensive cars thought to be driven by "white racism."

But the real violence began when workers who defied the stay-away returned home. Students arrested them and stoned houses and cars. Police reacted with a combination of live gas, hard shot, rubber bullets and live am-



Street scenes in Cape Town (top), wounded protester and Police Minister Louie Le Grange (bottom). (British and Lanza)

munition. Then came the riotous, or "skeddie," when gangsters segregated themselves out of the highest crime rates in the country, took advantage of the anarchy.

Shops, factories, schools and liquor stores were looted and set alight. Fire-fighters were kept away by chanting stone-throwing crowds. One of the latest spots was the township of Klen's River, where two youths were shot dead by police last month. The road to the D. F. Malan airport outside Capetown became a danger zone as car commuters drove into roadblocks and were hit by volleys of stones. Shoppers continued throughout the night and the dawn roamed across more like a battlefield, buildings scorched by fire, streets littered with broken glass, overturned, gutted cars and damaged shops.

In Soweto, where the 1976 unrest began, the anniversary passed relatively quietly. By far the greatest riot occurred when police assailed foreign newsmen of starting black youths in order to get good coverage and shipped a blanket, indefinite ban on journalists

going into "troubled areas."

But Capetown's "Mandela" is a symbol of frustration, as colored reporter Mervyn Williams described it was another matter. It came after an already tattered relationship between coloreds and the authorities had been further strained at recent weeks by the detention of numerous politically moderate coloreds in the wake of a school boycott, worker strikes, a boycott of buses to protest higher fares and then the work stoppage.

The riot itself, however, was only fuel efficiency and increase the coloreds' disillusion with a government that has made them "second-hand" citizens. "The government is a hypocrite. Even if it wants to defuse the situation, it has locked off all avenues of redress and refused even those leaders considered innocuous by the people," said Williams. In a way, therefore, last week's fires were a symbol of the bridges that have already been burned. **Caryle Murphy**

## Portugal

### The war of the generals

Portugal may have opted out of its colonial wars, but its generals are still fighting—among themselves. Last week the country's ruling Democratic Alliance wheeled out its candidate for presidential election due late this year General Amaro Soares Gomes Carreia, 55, a Catholic, devout Catholic father of six. He is also Emily Antunes' husband, pro-BATO and considered a skilled tactician.

The Alliance, optimistic about being returned to power in the fall general elections, chose him because it wants a co-operative figurehead to swing Portugal toward its centre-right brand of conservatism—anybody. In other words, completely unlike the incumbent President Ramalho Eanes. But Carreia's mission may well be impossible. General Eanes is likely to run again for office, supported by the constitution, and in view of his rising popularity will be difficult to beat.

This prospect is enough to infuriate the general's nemesis, Prime Minister Francisco Sá Carneiro, a fiery lawyer, who is barely on speaking terms with Eanes. Animosity between them has grown—as the president has refused vital legislation and the Prime Minister (Carreia), who he heads, has ruled new laws anti-constitutional—to the point where Eanes made a recent visit to Norway without a single minister being assigned to accompany him.

The 16-year-old conflict is the warring over revolutionary principles,

and Sá Carneiro can hardly wait to preside over its dissolution and the re-writing of the constitution, which he regards as a Marxist stratagem. At present, the constitution can only be changed with the approval of two-thirds of parliament, so to adapt that one the government intends to introduce legislation paving the way for a referendum. That will almost certainly mean a direct confrontation with Eanes.

While the generals are warring, there are disturbing undercurrents at grassroots level. The Communists have been calling for nationwide protests against government policies, a move criticized by Prime Minister Sá Carneiro as a clear attempt at destabilization but widely approved in the town Alentejo farmland, where National Guards have been returning land seized by workers after the 1974 revolution. To date, just over half the 12 million acres due to be handed back to the original owners have been returned and, angered by what they see as a betrayal, many landless peasants could be ready to follow extreme leftist presidential candidate Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho's cry for an armed march on Lisbon.

Certainly the arms are available. Thousands of guns distributed after the revolution have simply vanished, and a hoarded, self-proclaimed Portuguese anarchist claimed recently in a private



talk "My group has been struggling in arms, particularly from the CIA [the role of Rescue weapons in smuggling Spain]. We have to arm the people against the right."

Until recently, Portugal was comparatively free from political violence. But several factors have been held up, a kidnapping has been killed for occupation of "revolutionary units" and a soldier and policeman were gunned down in incidents blamed on a group called the Popular Forces of April 25 (the date of the 1974 revolution). Three members of this movement, which claims links with NVA, the IRA and Euzer-Bleat elements, have been arrested. While the terrorists plan their next attack, the looming confrontation between prime minister and president promises a hot summer in Lisbon. **Dan Reid**



General Carneiro (left), Sá Carneiro (above center). Eanes: mission impossible?



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After three centuries,  
Canadians are still discovering Hudson's Bay.



**R**oney has it that Winnipeg's latest contribution to the recording industry, *The Ponies*, found their name in the telephone book, using the old open-at-any-page-and-where-the-lunatics routine. Whatever happened, the group is happy with its catchy name and the fact that someone is finally catching up with them after two years of pubes-and-punk-rock runs. Currently the quartet is on its first national tour as the opening act for the Canadian version of *Days, Fines*, as well as *AO-DO* and *Streetmeat*—and they are taking double encores everywhere they go. Though they claim influences from the classics to jazz, indie, strains of *The Beatles* are unmistakable in their harmonies on a ditty called *Coffee With the Queen*. "Yeah, *The Beatles* have got to be the big one with us," admits percussionist Terry Norman Taylor, 34. "We all saw them on *The Ed Sullivan Show* when we were about 8, and ever since that's been it for us."

**T**he adopted anthem of the feminist movement, *I Am Woman*, transferred Australian singer/lyricist *Madonna* into the focal point of much backfist debate in the early '70s. Eight years later the anguished melodee is no less punky in her 15th record album, *True What You Find*. "I'd like to dedicate my next song to a woman I've come to admire and respect over the past few years—in Italy!" Ruddy told a Toronto audience at Queen's Place recently, before belting out *You're So Good*. "I never was really a feminist," Ruddy confessed to Madonna's "but I never doubted that I would make it to the top. I can use myself very clearly at 70 and I'm going to be a feminist old lady!" Whether feminist or feminist, Ruddy, 35, does have a softer side—her effusive passion in needling/poetry like *Three* design as three chances.

**W**hen Terry McLaughlin of Toronto and Brett Boudin of Hudson, Que., won the Flying Dutchman sailing world championship in Volvo, Sweden, last month, the victory was bittersweet. Although world champs and "clear winners in the most technical of Olympic sailing categories," McLaughlin admits "It could have been the gold medal." The win marked the culmination of four years of intensive training and a sweat-soaked race circuit in Europe this spring, where the two young Canadian sailors consistently outdid just last year's world titleholders as well as the former Olympic champion team. The two-pitchmen rose understandably about a month in a row toward the 1984 games, but neither place to give up the sport. Says



McLaughlin, an economics grad from Queen's University. "I guess I have to face reality sometime, but right now I'd rather be sailing."

**T**here were times when we were sitting at—'81! Freshiest, and one of the weirdest segments was so odd that the girls literally found parts of their anatomy," recalls *Charles* *Wels*, who co-produced *Queen's Supershow*, along with director *James Shaw*. Last month the big brass paid off, however, as *Wels* picked up the Golden Rose of Montreal Award in Geneva, beating the best that Britain, the U.S. and all of Europe—including such heavyweights as the *Berry Men* and *Sweden*—has ever won to the rock group *ABBA*. The show will be shown again in Canada. *July* (July 1) is part of the GIC's annual national tribute, so that audiences will

The Ponies (top) and Ruddy playing out a royal fantasy, reevangelizing feminism.

have a chance to see the show that earned *Wels* a standing ovation in a Swiss airport coffee shop, as well as the accolade of 34 nations.

**"B**y contemplating the pure form of *Nice*, it will affect his emotions, give him peace," explains *Berry Bryant*, top dog of New York's *Karma Construction*, which handled the bathroom installations for former president *Richard Nixon's* Manhattan digs. The people at *Karma* (ette) "We had master-planned with" designed *Nixon's* throne room in shades of blue, after rejecting the original plan, which featured "unsaturated" tan and brown. "I realized we were building him a monument," says ex-Buddhist monk *Bryant*. *Nixon* was turned and mantras were chanted throughout the installation, which culminated in the walling-in of copies of Buddhist prayers. "We wanted to give him a good karma connection," says *Bryant*. "to plant a seed so he can be reborn to help others."

**F**or the fifth year in a row, Dutch promoter *Paul Ackat* is putting together a jam bash for about 600 musicians and 30,000 fans—and an event it's a family affair. *Akat*, with help from his wife, *Joan*, and daughter, *Madison* and *Karin*, have worked "day and night for months beforehand" to organize the festival with feature headliners *Ray Charles*, *Dave Peterson*, *Gale Garnett*, *Stan Getz*, *Dizzy Gillespie*, *Patsy Sings* and *Benny Carter*. The three-day *Norman Jam* Festival takes place in the granite rock of *The Hague*, where visitors are at liberty to wander from hall to hall in

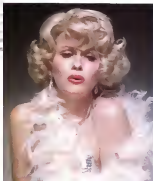
the huge Congress Center. In his singing English, *Akat* explains the only crimp in his clockwork swing is *hedge* organizers. "Ja, all the artists want to hear each other, so we sometimes have problems getting them together in the room set aside for jam sessions."

**"T**here are no facts any more. It's a legend and every perspective is different," says 23-year-old *Cynthia Long*, who has made *Michelle Moore* the subject of her one-woman show which opens next month at Toronto's *Adelaide Court Theatre*. Working from research of biographies and videotapes of *Man-*

**B**e *Delek* has outlived her 25 halos, but the beads-and-beads look isn't going out of fashion as far as singer/actress *Believe* *Delek* is concerned. *Delek* has been braced for about a dozen years now, and she is philosophical about the fashion fever for twisted treasures. "Beards have been 'in' for a long time," she explains. "They go back to ancient Egypt." In the *Delek* family they also pass two generations, as *Delek's* daughter, *Shelley*, 5, joins in the display; her craft creation by the talented fingers of *Delek's* mother. "I think it's time to leave it," says *Delek's* mother. *Delek* told *Delek's* halfway through her 180-episode career. "And

if it brings attention to other ethnic groups, that's even more fantastic. It makes the world aware that there are other things going on in fashion besides perms and collars." Given the four-month life-span of her pettin plants, *Delek* should be ready for another twisting session when her musical tribute to the blues, *Delek*, opens on Broadway next October.

**"I** keep thinking he must have hypnotized me into doing it," says 23-year-old *Kim-marie Hols* *Kuchel*, whose half-hour documentary effort *The*



Long as *Michelle* (top), *Delek* with *Shelley* and *Shelley* the whole the whole the whole.



Strong man *Shelley*, bending over at 90.

re, Long hopes to be able to add an introspective dimension to the set god-dam' past, which was "built as a superstructure with no foundation." Though Long contends that the bears a physical resemblance to the Monroe of the nude calendar days, the *Shelley*, Ontario, former stagecoach driver/owner has had to take a course of *Monroeism* in order to explore the exact wiggle, quiver and rise of breath. One thing that has helped has been having her own personal masseuse, as *Monroe* did, since constant massage contributes to "the relaxed person" that renders the perfect figure. "I've discovered that *Monroe* walked with her chest," says Long. "This pose her incredible back muscles and, let's face it, a nice profile. I'm using every angle."



**S**herman *Man* in the *World* tells the adult tale of 30-year-old *Michael* *Swain*, formerly of the Ringling Brothers *Barnum & Bailey Circus*, once a friend of *Nicole*, master magician and professor of hypnosis. *Kuchel* "discovered" *Swain* on a swing through the backwoods of Manitoba in *Githa* (population, 180), where she inquired at the general store about local old-timers with stories to tell for a research project she was doing for the *Manitoba* Film Board. *Swain* turned out to be a perfect subject—still able and willing to bend steel bars on his teeth and pull 15-ton rails through the back of his head and out his nose. According to *Kuchel*, Ukrainian-born *Swain* has been a failed farmer in recent years and somewhat of an underdog in his own community, but the success of the film has changed all of that. "Now he's a star," she says with pride. "he's no longer the clown of *Githa*, he's the strongest man in the world again."

Edited by *Measures* *Plenty*

## 'Scar Wars,' with media bleeders vs. J. R. Ewing

**V**iator Rice had just taken over as president of money-losing Mayco Petroleum and the media was hounding him for some stone truths. After lunch and a news conference, Rice gave one final interview to CBC TV's Fred Leeson. Last question asked, the reporter told Rice to remain standing where he was, so the camera could move back to shoot a full footage of the two

And that's what happens when business and the media meet. The rest of the time is filled with silent resistance or open hostility, each for the other, from afar. As one journalist says: "We never

There is misunderstanding, satanism and fear on all sides. Advocacy advertising and a flurry of corporate lawsuits are followed by name-dropping words in print or, worse, no-reporting at all. Trouble is, it's all getting in the way of communication in Canada. In these times of roller-coaster interest rates, deepening recession, rising unemployment and persistent inflation, what

Part of the nourishment for the roots of the problem comes from myth and stereotype. Business is seen by many to be boring at best, evil at worst. It is not surprising, for example, that the world's most unwanted man today is



know privacy from a press hedge. Well, journalists may snore and yawn, but business stoops to hide. Business might use sensationalism everywhere, but the media find stonewalling most phases. So the light companies, a mirror to society that only shows each other's apologetic face. Sad, because business is just as exciting a field of human endeavor to talk about as politics.

they can't be squeezed down to a 45-second slot in the newcast, or the resource is too tough for the slapdash print report that fills the white space around yesterday's market quotations. Some journalists are just too busy to look for quotes, many in business are loath to give them.

what's happening. With an enormous crisis, computer problems, growing impersonality and batches of cure-all made with the power of total recall, business desperately needs more well-informed and competent channels of communication. Even a persistent, constructive

As a result, the media must dig into the established world of business with more knowledge and better tools than ever. There's a need to create more accuracy and to make it more aware of the past and the future. There should be checks, because without new ways of spreading its vastest contingencies, business will continue to live with a publisher that remains ignorant of the way it works, regardless of its motives and sympathetic to its problems. The media will never become a moneysaver for meanderings on the role of profits, but they needn't be the enemy of business, either. In fact, these days, we may be the only brand that business has. Will it be printed, or posted, or duned?



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# Paper tiger vs. white elephant



ITT mill, Ruddy (seated) 'wrote a check'

Even before ITT-Rayco's Port Carter pulp mill shut down last fall, the lot outside the \$300-million, hot-drawn was cluttered with piles of nearly new, useless machinery already showing the rusty signs of exposure to the miserable weather of the Quebec North Shore. And the 1,300 Port Carter workers, although out of work when the sun finally fell on the mill, didn't fill your car with used car magazines about employer attitudes. Instead each had his own detailed personal frustration with what one veteran called the most wasteful, mismanaged and poorly engineered new processing operation he had ever encountered, opened by the U.S. multinational giant in 1974 and closed a mere 3 years later.

Everything possible may have gone wrong in Port Carter for one of the world's best-known corporations—an innovative production techniques that flopped, unfashionable soaring wood costs because of dry winters and black-by winters, the collapse of the rayon and cellulose markets—but that's not going to stop one of Canada's best-known companies, Brockville Ltd. of Montreal, from attempting to reopen the ill-fated pulp mill. Arthur Ruddy, president and owner of the \$12-million-a-year corrugated cardboard box manufacturing company, has announced that a syste-

matic consortium of investors is willing to offer an estimated \$60 million for the plant and spend the additional \$30 million he says it will take to convert it to produce sulphate pulp, a raw material involved in manufacturing newspaper.

Initial reaction to Ruddy's bold proposal to move most industry people think it's doomed (see analysis) need to be "all his redneck" white government officials, whom Ruddy has approached for feasibility study money, admit they're interested. Ministers, who as members of the Parti Quebecois in 1971 utilised the "give-away" of one-tenth of Quebec to ITT as a woodlot, now recognize the political importance of a \$1-billion industry that accounts for 30 per cent of the province's export revenue.

What puzzled industry observers about Ruddy's proposal is Brockville's relative unfamiliarity with pulp and paper production. Ruddy, a resident of Montreal who describes his personal worth at \$9 million, has remained comfortably aloof from Port Carter proposals, refusing to discuss details of the plan or identify the other backers involved—noting only that one of the partners in "a pulp and paper company."

Murray Savage of the Montreal-based

Savage Eric Malcom Placements Canada Inc., a veteran pulp and paper analyst and a skeptic of Ruddy's redevelopment plan, says governments have a bad habit of spending public money in places like the North Shore to buy votes. "Mills and up in places they shouldn't be. There's damned good reasons why they fail." Savage feels Canada's heavy reliance on pulp and paper industry is currently at the top of a cycle, with reversals to go but down.

Ruddy, however, says he has already tested the market and will have buyers around the world for his sulphate pulp, which he says will be among the world's finest. Savage concedes that by the time the mill would come on-line, about two years from now, the market might well have picked up. And he believes the much-cited threat to the Canadian pulp and paper industry because the southern U.S. won't materialize because tree-growing there increasingly occupies arable land, while "our forests aren't good for anything else except moose pasture."

Larry Black

## Down the creek without a paddle

The announcement was as timely and about as surprising as news of a thunderstorm to one already deluged to the bone. The recession was declared official last week when Statistics Canada announced the country's gross national product had declined by 0.7 per cent in the first three months of 1980. But to economists who had been scanning the horizon for a recession since 1978, and to Canadians who lost jobs, renewed mortgages at record-high interest rates or decided to make do with last year's winter coat, this was hardly a revelation.

The country, which had remained unexpectedly resilient to a recession throughout 1979, collapsed as three fronts. Exports of merchandise, largely cars, declined by an inflation-adjusted 3.1 per cent. The economy, the largest trading partner, and into decline. The long-ailing residential construction market fell right out of bed with a 6.3-per-cent decline. Perhaps the most startling was the sharp increase in demand for consumer goods. This restraint reflected not only the slowdown in job growth and inflationary pressure on wages, but also the tendency of Canadians to save during hard times rather than spend their lost incomes, as the Americans tend to do.

The only bright spot in the picture was a high level of investment by business in new plants and equipment. The property of the oil and gas, mining

and pulp and paper industries was noticeably reflected in increased spending, but even the hard-hit automobile industry will have to invest heavily to produce the new fuel-efficient cars of the 1990s. According to a recent federal survey of 200 large firms, that investment will be up by 10 per cent in 1980, although some fear that an unexpectedly severe U.S. recession could curtail these plans. "If that falls apart in the latter part of the year, then we will have a real recession," says Douglas Peters, chief economist at the Vancouver Dominion Bank.

As it is, the best that can be hoped for in 1980 is a stagnant economy with a probable further weakening in the second quarter and a slight recovery in the third or fourth. This sluggish performance is likely to produce more criticism of what Ontario Premier William Davis last week called as "neo-growth" policy that is grossly unfair and outrageous. "We're not going to see any growth," said Finance Minister Allan Rock, but he has a projected \$14-billion deficit, has so far rejected appeals for economic stimulus, and Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Stoney is keeping money tight to combat inflation. (The results, so far, have been



MacEwan rejected appeals for stimulus

unimpressive. The May consumer price index shows inflation running at 5.4 per cent over last year. Although the Bank of Canada lending rate fell to 10.67 per cent last week, the chartered banks have only dropped their rates to 13.25 per cent. The abnormally high speed in growing widespread protests, but banks insist that the Bank of Canada rate has almost nothing to do with what it costs



them to borrow. What is making money expensive, said Peters, is the restricted supply of it. Figures released last week show the money supply is less than one per cent higher than it was a year ago. "Money market conditions over the past few weeks are tighter than I have ever seen them," with no change of policy in sight, Canadians can only hope that this belt-tightening rally will ease inflation rather than choke the economy just when it most needs air.   
Gillian Mackay

## The end justifies the genes

A new industry with the growth potential of pizzas or even computers was given a major boost last week when the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that laboratory-created new forms of life—if that stage is more like bacteria, or bugs—"can be patented." The decision will have the effect of putting a real profit motive behind genetic engineering and could give birth not just to a multitude of new products but also to companies that will outpace us at least in their research. There are now And Ford Motor companies make motorcycles, and one business soon.

The court's ruling specifically melted an application by the Genesee Electric Company to patent a micro-organism created by Dr. Ananda Chakrabarty—who was working for it at the time of the invention—four babies of oil. Chakrabarty wanted to grow oil in bacteria in the environment with which could break down a toxic component of oil. He took genes from each of the strains and induced them to combine sexually in a test tube. The result called *Pseudomonas putida*, is an oil-eater whose commercial use is in level of oil.

For at least eight years a group of small U.S. companies and some of the genetic have been tinkering seriously with genetic engineering (Maclean's June 16). With the

new ruling on patents—it had been opposed by the police department on the grounds that new life forms are really a product of nature and not man—there is expected to be an explosion of development and high capitalization.

By week's end the U.S. Patent Office had 114 applications for patents on new laboratory-created bugs. Six applications seek to patent an organism that grows human insulin to treat diabetes; eight concern organisms to create antibodies, a protein that is being hailed as a possible wonder drug against cancer.

Opponents to the new industry charge that genetic engineering could get out of hand and result in new strains of life that might not yield and eventually destroy mankind. They also claim that scientists will not long be satisfied with experiments involving bacteria and will soon start creating an-

genetic bugs. Chakrabarty's reply: "We cannot create the scientific mind."



imals and even steps toward a superclone of humans. Chief Justice Warren Burger refused to let such arguments stop him; he clearly took an interest. He said in a short judgment: "The opponents present a gross parade of horribles. We are without competence to entertain these arguments. And he added: "A denial of patents on genetic research will not put an end to it or to its attendant risks. We cannot shut the scientific mind from probing into the unknown any more than Canada could curtail the beds."   
William Lowther





## The lord of the ring

By Hal Quinn

It is called the "sweet science" by those intrepid gents who square around and peered daily to ringside, safe outside the ropes. Those who cautiously intrude at 10 p.m. and gaze and work the light and heavy bags for weeks in sweaty gyms before stepping inside the ropes, don't call it that. The flashy, famous and beautiful were there in ringside in their 500 seats, Friday night in Montreal, far from the beer-drinking crowd who had paid \$20 to sit in the rafters of Olympic Stadium. They had, all 45,017 of them, come to witness what had been called, "the light everybody wants." But as Leonard sagged, the men became willowweight champion Sugar Ray Leonard and former lightweight champion Roberto Duran became the "light of the decade," scarcely 172 days into the 1980s. Yet by the time the palms of the "sweats" were used, their bodies had gained admission to what had become the "great dress fight of the century."

Ray Arnel, the 36-year-old mentor of Duran, said he wasn't quite sure

whether he could go along with the hype. "But then, I can only speak generally of the last 60 years." Other fights may have come to his mind: Dempsey-Tenney, Ezzard-Grassano, Robinson-LaMotta, Pep-Scudder, Ali-Frazier. In fact, it was left to Muhammad Ali to explain it all. "We live in a society that loves to be puzzled. Who's gonna win, the boxer Leonard or the puncher Duran?" So they pay the money, but there's a real joy in the anticipation. After the fight, they'll forget it and look for a new puzzle.

There is, however, a puzzle left over from Duran's unanimous decision over Leonard, a fight that the defuncted champion's manager, Angelo Dundee, succinctly described as a "great, wrestling match." The "real joy" of the match had been violence of unfettered Sugar Ray, whose left jab and combinations were thrown at a speed that no one else suggested, not believed, writing the Panamanian legend. Duran who earned his nickname "marino de jodio" (hands of stone) by scoring 56 knockouts in 70 pro fights. The anticipation here was Leonard, at 34, weekly

and famous, 21 of his 35 pro fights having been televised, a reluctant star, first fighting for money after his gold medal at the Montreal Olympics only because of the threat of jet-setting. And here was Duran, a Panama City street athlete, tough, menacing, devastating, moving up to the welterweight division after a historic career as a lightweight. His single strategy for the fight, "THROW HIM."

It has been said that watching preliminary fights before a championship is like stopping off at McDonald's on your way to Duran's, and that was true Friday night. But after Canadian lightweight champion Gaston Hart hospitalized fellow Quebecer Cleveland Duran, two fights were booked and Canadian heavyweight-champion-in-recess Bruce Forthick, of Jamaica, knocked out former former heavyweight champion John Tate, Duran and Leonard stepped into the ring and the pellet was released.

Their boxing styles contrasted as much as their attitudes. Duran stepped in and blew knees to the fans, Leonard simply opened his arms to accept homage. Duran stared at Leonard with the intolerance of an assassin, Leonard returned an almost charitable smile. Duran refused the traditional tip of the gloves and the puzzle began.

Moments after the opening bell, Leonard landed a successful left jab, then Duran started to swing, unleashing furious punches along the ropes. In the second, Duran caught Leonard with a solid left hook, followed by an overhand right which pinned his opponent in the corner for most of the round. If the fourth it was a brawl. Leonard wasn't dancing, jolting, moving. They stood head to head, clutching, grabbing, slapping it out. In the final round Duran dubiously stopped his own chin with his right as he jabbed, then simply walked away making "groan" gestures questioning Leonard's weakness. At the end Leonard raised his hands in a victory sign and Duran stood up behind him and knocked his hands down. Duran made more gestures and again refused to tip gloves.

Later, Duran (apparently \$5 million richer) gave his salutation to the public. "Leonard fought that way because he had to make him fight. But he's the best I ever fought." And Leonard (possibly \$10 million richer) gave his. "It was my decision to punch it out with him. The best move was. The puzzle will be debated until the next one comes along, but these fighting theories and winning new from ringside boxes that there had been nothing "sweet" and little "scientific" about this one. Those in the rafters knew only that it was the "greatest dress fight" of the night. ☐

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By Roy MacGregor

They have worn away with grace, the old man and his wife. The fishermen in 40, the wife in 42. He has his pierogi and some big, the wife in 42 is now a river, in, in front of the corded stomach of a fisherman. Through narrow streets, by each other (this morning, they have joined and headed and tramped along the west side of Algonquin Park, and by treating nature with respect they have in here gained respect. Shining plaques for "Outstanding Fur, Ontario Trappers Association" (breaks the old, former home in Keenaw, black and white photographs are piled with long strings of lake trout, glorious memories hanging in heavy curtains between two orders or in the large, more hands of master guide Ralph Rice, the wife by his side. He takes it up now, the wife handle rolling majestically, comfortably along his palm. The wife seems eager, but the old fishermen and not be taking it with him this season. He has another use in mind.



Bob Bennett, fisherman in Muskoka, Sudbury region—black, a former of furriers to come.

Some kilometers north of the fisherman, a pile of raccoon droppings sits on a plank leading out to the dock. Bob Bennett steps over it and smiles. The raccoon has been eating crayfish and Bennett had thought the crayfish had been wiped out, early victims of acid rain, the horror that now threatens his beloved lake trout. It is a good sign in the bleak times of Bob Bennett, president of the Port Carling localities, Ontario committee, Ontario mayor of Muskoka, Lake, Ontario, Ontario of Ontario's outdoor country. From his retirement home above an enormous skill of granite, Bennett can look down onto Lake Rosseau and out toward what, as mayor, he once considered his base: downy, out-of-touch lodges, elegant old cottages with staff cottages behind the spruce forest, linen-drenched runabouts awaiting the guests in petting-greened bathhouses. All this money taken has back to December, when he tried to sue part of the \$60-million district council had lost made for "Furline, Ontario" to launch a lawsuit against the loss. The intention would be to force the company's Sudbury sweaters to stop producing the acid rain that Bennett believed a destroying Muskoka. But it was a naive idea. First, he couldn't find a sweater for his mother. Then he was taken quietly aside by concerned councillors and told to cut it, that all his belabored about something that can't be

seen, failed or felt was going to drive away the cottagers. No tax base, no progress. No tourist business, no future.

So Bob Bennett resigned. He went back to his hilltop perch and late one night this past spring an idea came to him, a Maccie and during which that would emerge from and confused environmentalists, but one that he felt would settle the acid rain argument once and for all. Anxious himself to avoid a lawsuit, he began transferring his assets to his wife. Come the same time, he would rent an aircraft and set off for Barbora.

The idea, of course, would be to make people aware. Acid rain falls extensively in northern Europe, northeastern United States and Eastern Canada, particularly Ontario and Quebec. But it is, unfortunately, a wearisome topic—when it rains, it rains—can't be filled with ordinary themes, difficult symbols and swirling specialities. It began in a meeting, a coal-burning, hydro plant even an automobile exhaust, rain into the air as sulphur dioxide (SO<sub>2</sub>) or nitrogen dioxide (NO<sub>2</sub>) and then travels by cloud up to and beyond 1,000 km and it eventually falls as diluted sulphuric or nitric acid. Not strong enough to dissolve water but strong enough in at least two recorded instances—Chalk River, Ont., and Pittsburgh, Scotland—to compare roughly with vinegar. When it falls in a buffered area—where limestone exists for instance—the acid is neutralized. But when there is no buffer, as in much of the Canadian Shield, the rain remains a poison. In New York

# ACIDRAIN

## Who will save our lakes?



state's Adirondack Mountains, also without a buffer, 170 lakes have been officially declared dead. In Ontario, 148, and some 48,000 more are in danger. Quebec has similar worries. Seven salmon streams in Nova Scotia no longer produce salmon. An Ohio state government study claims that if something is not done quickly, 2,500 lakes a year to the end of the century will die in Ontario, Quebec and New England.

"It is," says former federal environment minister John Fraser, "the worst environmental hazard this country has yet faced." His Liberal successor, John Roberts, adds, "We can't afford to wait," and he suggests that the dead lakes may be just a number of horrors to come. The erosion of buildings, he says, may be costing \$5 to \$8 billion a year in North America. The Parthenon in Greece and Rome's Colosseum are both deteriorating in Europe's acid rain. Swedish scientists are saying their forest growth fell off 10 per cent during the

1970s, the result of British and West European industrial pollution, and a similar discovery here would undoubtedly shake Canada's \$4-billion-a-year forestry business. There is talk of soil being affected, new theories that mercury poisoning has a direct tie to acid rain, fretting that the Alberta oil sands projects will send acid rain over the fragile North. And the concern are given much added worry in light of the American intention to reduce dependence by 300,000 barrels a day by 1985. To that end, 60 oil-burning power plants will convert to coal and, given President Jimmy Carter's willingness to raise pollution controls that alone could boost American sulphur dioxide emissions—the highest in the world—by a stunning 55 per cent at some installations. "We're on a collision course," says Marcus Rivers of Ontario's Air Pollution Control Directorate. "If we don't move, we're going to hit the bottom."

Given the growing scientific evidence, the proof has been less difficult to deal with than the blizzards. Dead lakes in and around Sudbury are easily connected to the two and Fivebelonging members, but where do the people of rural Ontario and Quebec look? And if Dr. Leonard Hamilton of the Brookhaven National Laboratory in Upton, N.Y., is right when he claims "about 5,000 Canadians die every year" from respiratory problems associated with the dry down of their pollutants, who is going to carry the burden of guilt? Bob Bennett blames Inco, Inco argues, with some justification, that it is but a small part of the problem and is just the latest in the heavy industrial polluters of the Ohio Valley, the American, and surprisingly, Alberta, the Canadian. His worth remembering that when it rains the nation of an umbrella is to deflect the spray.

That the main complaint rises from Ontario is simply indicative of Ontario's delicate position. An obvious producer of the chemical ingredients of acid rain, Ontario is perhaps the main sufferer. The cost figures bandied about are so incomprehensibly enormous—John Roberts estimates \$5 billion to save Canada by the year 2000, perhaps \$60 billion in the U.S.—that it is perhaps simpler to sharpen the focus. Ontario's 2,500 fishing lodges, for example, contribute \$150 million annually and employ six per cent of the province's northern labour force. An up-to-date study prepared by the Ontario Ministry of Environment says that even at current and rain rates there would be a \$66-million loss and serious survival problems for 600 of the lodges over the next 10 years.

On May 1, the Ontario Ministry of Environment announced new control orders against firms which would leave current sulphur dioxide emissions at



## Where the acid rain falls



the current level (\$500 tons per day) until mid-1985, at which point they would have to drop to 1,500 tons a day. John Roberts, a spokesman for Ontario's provincial government, says that, in the immediate aftermath of the provincial election, Harry Parrett, for his "outspoken" art, but Ontario Liberal leader Dr. Stuart Lewis had another view. "You have to wonder how Parrett can maintain the knees in his trousers after negotiations like that." Before we make any draconian jump, an official in the provincial ministry agrees, "we'd better be damn sure what we're doing is the right thing" but far death and a growing band of angered citizens, such action would be not pulling on the emergency brake after the car has already ploughed off the brakes.

It is, unfortunately, the politics of acid rain that is most corrosive of all. When John Roberts was appointed federal environment minister by Joe Clark (himself a former environment critic), he was given, he says, "a sweeping mandate to raise the government's profile." And, at first, it worked. "When Fraser got together with the provincial ministers and they endorsed a leadership role, it was like pole-vaulting for us," says Martin Rivers. Two federal-provincial working committees were set up, with Ontario heading the one on environmental effects and Quebec the second in strategy. Fraser soon began working toward an international agreement with the Americans, which he pushed for the spring of 1984. But soon there was trouble. Roberts' ally, then under Flora MacDonald's formally

complained that such negotiations were Roberts' territory and that Fraser should mind his ministers. Fraser refused, and in January went before cabinet, asked for a \$5-million commitment solely for acid rain research and had it approved in principle.

But Fraser was not long for the job. Under the new Liberal regime the money has slipped only slightly to \$4 million but, more importantly, the crucial Canadian-U.S. agreement has been set back, by Roberts' guess, to "within two to three years." Roberts does talk about possibly making toward federal regulation of polluting companies but that clashes against the will of Harry Parrett, who believes it to be the traditional role of the provinces to be the enforcer.

Considering that acid rain is a main recipient of U.S. generated acid rain, American environmentalists are puzzled that Canadians are doing little to pressure the U.S. to clean up its act. In fact, early this year, when a U.S. congressional subcommittee held hearings on acid rain, Canadian officials were asked to testify but did not. Instead, the Canadian embassy in Washington sent a rather tame letter, even by diplomatic standards, to Texas Representative Bob Sticker expressing Canadian concerns over the lack of environmental protection. Says Washington environmental lawyer Michael

McGehee, "Any money spent in the U.S. is bound to benefit Canada when it comes to acid rain. Why aren't they using more diplomatic muscle?"

A lack of clear leadership is seen by many scientists as a problem almost the equal of acid rain itself. "Where is our integrated program?" asks Professor Harold Harvey, the university of Toronto biologist generally credited to be the Canadian forerunner in acid rain research. "I've been working on this for 15 years and very soon I'll have to ask, 'Who is my client? Who wants to know what I've been proving?'" He remains at least slightly optimistic. Others are not. "It's already bad," says Rita Watson of the federal Atmospheric Environment Service, "and it's going to get very bad."

In 1964, Harold Harvey first went to the La Cloche Mountains near Ontario's



Roberts (center) with U.S. Environmental Protection Agency head Douglas Costle (left), Secretary of the Interior Cecil Andrus, Pittsburgh steel mill owner



Marblehead Island. He was intending to study the appearance of hatched dwarf white suckers inhabiting neighboring lakes and, to that end, he spent two summers tagging the fish in Lakes and George Lakes. When his colleague, Richard Iremonger, returned the following summer he discovered the entire 1,600 dwarf suckers of Lakes and George had vanished—suddenly, inexplicably and despite screened-off and impassable falls. In 1967 the trout suddenly disappeared. In 1968, the lake, having Harvey and Iremonger began monitoring the surrounding lakes and discovered the water's pH level to be alarmingly low, and further checks on old government records showed that the lakes had been getting progressively worse each year. "We couldn't believe our eyes," recalls Harvey. "The fish in Ontario can survive in pH 4.5 for long, and we found lakes even lower. We began to smell a rat." Some 50 km away, coincidentally, lay Sudbury, and there lies

Iron is the obvious suspect for acid rain. With discolored Sudbury covered with the company's fingerprints and a \$30-million, 300-metre super-stack plumes pointing toward the corner clouds, there is little question of guilt. "Building that stack," says one company official, "has to be the worst public-relation decision in corporate history." Actually, it was built with government prodding, but the stack's sheer size and expense demands special acknowledgment from the acid rain critics. The American environmentalists and politicians who have centred squarely



(Clockwise from left) students spreading lime near Sudbury, monitoring Ontario lakes, hunting for nearly depleted Anzons. Moose trout in 1982 fall water samples off's back, it's going to get very bad

on the highly visible super-stack, claiming it alone produces one per cent of all sulphur dioxide produced in the entire world, are correct in that it does produce 900,000 tons of the 5.5 million tons of sulphur dioxide that Canada dumps into the clouds each year. The Americans, however, produce five times Canada's tonnage—25 times Iron's—but never argue that, on a per capita basis, they are only half as guilty as each Canadian. And as Iron, naturally, continues to take the main rap.

"Why are you knocking on it?" new Iron Metals President Walter Curlock asked after a June 4 public forum in Sudbury. He had spent a good portion of the meeting arguing that Iron's sulphur dioxide containment had risen from a pathetic 28 per cent in 1962 to its current level of 70 per cent and he detailed how investment in a new, trouble-free, still promising, cleaning process had risen from \$4 to \$27 million. He had seemed vitally sincere when he said, "The job must be done, can be done, will be done," but he had also shifted effortlessly into what he called "the real world," warning that Iron's production, already at 80 million pounds under full capacity (140 million pounds of steel a year), would never fully recover under the new regulations. Watch out for competitors, he said. "Sudbury has had a really hard time in a recent year." Predictably, the local Chamber of Commerce leapt to his defense, denouncing the control order and pleading for Canadians to "stop the acid rain scare tactics." Iron—while never denying that its emissions result in acid rain—did not strongly that it may appeal the control order.

"They admit they're guilty, sure," says Politician Peter's Bill Green. "But it's like pleading guilty to a minor charge. You're charged with murder and you end up getting a traffic fine."

In 1978, Iron was ordered by the On-

tario government to reduce its stages its sulphur dioxide emissions of 7,000 tons to 750 tons per day by the end of the five years later, also proposed that the 750-ton figure be changed to 1,500—a level that it and would cost \$200 million to achieve. It was, however, withdrawn after the very same year before the government would make a decision on it. In 1976, it made another proposal for a reduction, this time to 2,500 tons per day, but the government rejected it because it wasn't good enough.

Living Ontario labour: smelting a rat



With company profits amounting to \$1.6 billion over that same decade, it is difficult to have much sympathy for those particularly in the light of a so-called officially released document. Canada report prepared by a Toronto investment analyst known as "Deep Throat," which convincingly argues that Inco could reduce emissions to 1,000 tons a day for a \$450-million investment.

Inco argues, however, that the smelting can be put to be produced. Blamed for the troubles in Muskoka and Haliburton cottage country, they now can point to recent Ontario government studies that would seem to indicate that up to 60 per cent of the acid rain in that area originates in the U.S. The point that Inco's \$96,000 tons of sulphur dioxide emitted each year must fall somewhere (probably Quebec) is avoided. Appropriately, Floyd Laughlin, vice president of Inco's Nickel Division, calls the acid rain controversy a "bottle of snakes." If the environmentalists do up as an ignored 1977 Duxbury Ltd. study that claims "sharply elevated levels of mercury" have been caused by acid rain in Muskoka and southern New Brunswick, the industry can point to the University of Guelph report that claims acid rain actually benefits crops in southern Ontario. Where the

sulphur and nitrogen can act as fertiliser. And meanwhile, the rain continues to fall. As enthused Inco Vice-President Stuart Wainwright said, as he watched the assorted vested interests leaving the Stubbins meeting, "We are all actors in this."

"If we wait for the hard, concrete facts," says Martin Kovacs, "then we're gone too fast." Canadian environmentalists are decidedly pessimistic while it

ling as for alternatives to government action. Sweden, which has 36,000 lakes suffering, has a \$5-million program where a commercial buffer zone is dug up into silting lakes. Canadian scientists at first frustrated this approach as ludicrous, but four lakes have already been treated in Ontario at a \$36-a-acre cost, and summer students in Sudbury are busy spreading bags of lime over the black scars of Sudbury. Given that there are 46,000 hurting lakes and it costs from \$4,000 to \$40,000 to do a lake every year, the costs might seem better applied to cleaning up at the source rather than the result. "Lime takes time rather than lime," says Bill Lindstrom, president of the 600-member Northern Ontario Outfitters Association. "It's so bloody expensive, and how long would it last anyway?"

The former mayor, Bob Bennett, thinks all these ideas are crazy. That's why he intends, once and for all, to settle the "blame" issue—at least as far as Ontario's cottage country is concerned. And then the politicians can get on with it. As soon as he finds a suitable site and can rent an appropriate place, he plans to take off for Sudbury. He'll make the super-stack a couple of times and then drop the parcel. And a few days later, when Canadians somewhere—be figures Muskoka—wake up to find their smoking cars and lawns suddenly a shocking pink, that's the moment when action will begin. "I'll admit to it," he says, and I'll say "Go ahead and run me." I'll simply say it's so hard to say so it is for me to prove I have killed my lake."

Yes, the old trapper has been changed. From an ultimate grandfather who trapped, through a father who trapped and guided, through himself and on to his own son, Douglas who has become a judge—the last in the old line. The fish are far from the family much longer. There are his own six children, 22 grandchildren, 24 great-grandchildren. The youngest is a boy, the first to inherit the old trapper's Christian name. Ralph then has to ask what the boy will be when he grows up, what he will care for and what will move him. But he does know himself. "I have decided," he says, "I want to be getting a job. And when I pass certain things on, nobody's going to do it when I'm gone." And that is why the old hunting knife is being passed and mended to a warren child who cannot possibly understand, but who may one day look at it and be reminded of something that was very special to his great-grandfather, something that he had learnt to do in his life.

"As far as my fish are concerned," says Braden's lawyer, "they don't get a chance where there's Canadian or American acid rain that's killing them."

And so, already there is a search going on for alternatives to government action. Sweden, which has 36,000 lakes suffering, has a \$5-million program where a commercial buffer zone is dug up into silting lakes. Canadian scientists at first frustrated this approach as ludicrous, but four lakes have already been treated in Ontario at a \$36-a-acre cost, and summer students in Sudbury are busy spreading bags of lime over the black scars of Sudbury. Given that there are 46,000 hurting lakes and it costs from \$4,000 to \$40,000 to do a lake every year, the costs might seem better applied to cleaning up at the source rather than the result. "Lime takes time rather than lime," says Bill Lindstrom, president of the 600-member Northern Ontario Outfitters Association. "It's so bloody expensive, and how long would it last anyway?"

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# Love and marriage wedded once again

By Judith Timson and Bonnie Patel

*Guess 'to the chapel and we're gonna get married/Guess 'to the chapel and we're gonna get married/Guess I really love you and we're gonna get married/Guess 'to the chapel of love*

When the Dixie Cups first sang the song back in the early '60s, *Chapel of Love* was light, a true-blue song about love and marriage that every girl, if not every guy, could relate to. But when Sherry Miller re-did it in the '70s, it had already become music in a decade in which not everyone believed that true love had to lead to the altar. However, when Vancouver child-care worker Mary-Kate Mattice, on her wedding day last year, booped wifely to *Chapel of Love* in her maid of honor's living room in anticipation of the evening's event, the song had come full circle. Marriage, after a brief hiatus from the land of the uncoupled, was back. Briff's soft rump, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, the song is gonna show, I'll be his, and so I'll be some. Mattice was nevertheless not playing it perfectly straight. She had, after all, been the ultimate free spirit of the '70s, picking up her schoolteacher's job in Toronto and eloping in Vancouver where, at the age of 26, she finally fell in love with fellow child-care worker Stewart Smith. When, a year later, they decided to marry because, she said, "this felt like it could go on forever," they did so with her parents' fervent blessing and an elaborate ceremony conducted by three Roman Catholic priests and held in a chapel in a small Toronto convent. As a chorus of nuns sang "Alleluia" and the happy couple slipped away to begin their "new" life, one wedding guest remarked wistfully: "That's it. *Fiasco*. This '70s are over."

These small moments of epiphany no doubt are occurring in a lot of people's lives this month as they realize, through their own actions or those of friends and family, that getting married in these increasingly conservative times is a worthy thing to do. Whether it's a return to Rome, as this year's fashion magazines are glowing, or "Dante's Last Stand against an unstable society that is abandoning traditional norms," as York University sociologist Frederick Ellis more soberly



signers say that the elaborate white wedding dress of silk and organza is back in vogue.

Of course, there are certain concessions to modern times. Toronto *Star* fashion writer Jane Hess asserts that wearing a formal white wedding dress need no longer signify purity but "commitment to one's lover." That's handy, because as Dorothy Derry of Vancouver's *Lady Eve Bridal Boutique* reports, 46 per cent of her clientele is already living together as men and wife—a state of suspended guess now seen more as a prescience to marriage than an end in itself.

Village's motto that "marriage is the only adventure open to the cowardly" has never seemed so apt in these "sleeping it safe" times. On the other hand, what greater act of personal courage could there be than to march bravely into matrimony despite the attraction rate? Teenager couples, like Toronto's Sandra Dever, 22, and John James, 24, exchanged vows in the same church in which her family had been



The Smiles (above left, Dever and James (above) and the Vikes as brides in romance or "Carter's Last Stand"



seen it, there has been a 20-per-cent increase in the number of marriages since the mid-'60s and, along with it, a dramatic increase in the marketing hype that surrounds "tying the knot." Lavish formal weddings, complete with top hats and tails, are returning, hotels such as Toronto's Royal York and Calgary's Palliser are reporting that glitzy hotel receptions have declined in the past 10 years, Canadians are buying more diamond engagement rings per capita than any other country—and de-

married for generations, partly because, says Sandra, "It was a lot less hassle to get married than to live together." For older couples—now entering their 30s—it's the desire time about babies.

Another impetus for marriage could be described as the "roots" factor, with individuals who had casually wandered away the past few hungry for some tradition or meaning in their lives and not simply tradition imposed by their parents. However, parents are still picking

up the tab, even for some older women who have been out in the work force (and living with their lovers), says Ontario social worker Jade Vick, 25, who married Peter Vick, 29, last month. "I was upset about my parents paying, but I know they would be hurt if I didn't let them."

Whatever the compulsion to do so, the current trend toward marriage—and formal marriage at that—has sent photographers, bridal consultants and caterers into a tizzy. Bridal magazines offer less fiction are claiming more success. Bride and Groom has just expanded into Winnipeg and Vancouver and a new national magazine, *Today's Bride*, was successfully launched this year. Perhaps the sweetest matrimonial song in the heavily polished bridal fashion and trade shows held at major hotels throughout Canada. One Toronto audio-equipment store, *Muse's*, has even begun a groom registry, which owner Don Muse is attempting to franchise across Canada.

On the bride's side, the onslaught against her pocketbook—and that of her parents—has intensified, with major department stores such as Eaton's gearing a huge portion of their advertising in the summer months in a "wedding" way toward the bridal market. Electronics: Angela Caruso, the glasses, crystal and gift buyer for Eaton's central division in Toronto. "The word 'bride' may not appear in order to attract women who are all the pre-engagement stage of life."

While many women, not yet sucked into the white lace vortex, carry on, blithely unaware they're at the "pre-engagement stage of life," others seem only too conscious of their status, especially if they have been long with the love man for several years and want what one 25-year-old Toronto woman delicately described as a "resolution" to the relationship. That's when women enter a stage yet undiscovered by department store buyers called "the ultimatum phase," which either precedes or pre-empt or precludes the altar phase. Women, it seems, now do theirs actual proposing than do men. Sandra Dever says cheerfully that her husband John "would probably say it was my idea to get married, but I think we decided together." And while Jade Vick maintains that after living together for 16 months their decision to marry was "entirely mutual," she was also very aware of how happy such a decision would make her mother. "She had the fear I'd wake up at 38 and my man would be gone."

That rationale was greeted with wily skepticism by one slightly more seasoned 23-year-old woman, currently awaiting not the marriage banns but her divorce #10. "But what makes her think marriage will change that?"

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# Inside the heart of darkness

THE RETURN OF EVA PEREIRA  
by V.S. Naipaul  
(Cohen \$19.95)

It is a note to his new work of nonfiction, V.S. Naipaul explains that the book designed a creative eye. "More than that, it is the subject of Naipaul's aversion—a further glimpse at the conflict he faces in writing about the bitter realities of the Third World. Born in Trinidad of East Indian ancestry and living now in England, Naipaul has confronted the ambiguities of the Third World in such novels as *Gunnhead* and the recent *A Bend in the River*. When it comes to describing without sentimentalism but with some compassion the corruption and brutality of many contemporary black societies, V.S. Naipaul is formidable. Still, one often feels his exasperation as the author as if his pen were writing taken out of school. The note in present appears in *The Return of Eva Perón*. It is like the regret of a man who once felt something for a woman only to discover she was a witch and a whore, a barely perceptible note of disappointment underlying his analytical and hard prose as Naipaul describes in three essays the ping-pong war of words of Michael X, a Trinidadian banned for murder in 1949, a dissolute Argentine obsessed on the paralytic-jaegered corpse of Eva Perón, and the Zaire of the dinner-jacket, crypto-centralist, theist, racist, sexist, racist.

Michael de Freitas, half Portuguese, half Trinidadian, was in England when he was 14. It was there he became a pimp, drug peddler, enforcer and finally Michael Aboel Malik alias Michael X. Written Naipaul "It was in London that Malik became a Negro... He was shadowed and hated, and he sensed that in England, prejudice, not only racism, but race was, to fight and fight, a topic of entertainment. And he became an entertainer."

"He was X, the nickname, the was threatening the fire was lit. But the role was a necessary one. The black rebel, even if he wanted to, couldn't do a job, he couldn't appear to be declining into passivity, anything. The repose could extinguish his reputation." What Michael did extinguish instead were at least two of his greatest: one, the white, wealthy, middle-class white woman, deeply lacked to death and buried in a shallow grave on Michael X's command in Trinidad.

Of Michael Soto Soto Kaka Ngelewa Wa Xa Ngelewa, the journalist-journalist



Naipaul: whether in fiction or in nonfiction

For Naipaul—himself of the Third World—there is a sense that they could or should have been something more. It is a measure of an identity rarely found—and almost never joined with such powerful writings—that Naipaul's regard does not soften the focus of his accuracy and judgment. Seeking to understand the darkness of Africa and the Caribbean with their lethal mixtures of witchcraft and technology, he finds no easy epiphany, no simple answers in the depths of imperialism and colonialism. If his book gives us perfect explanations for the Canadian cruelty he sees in these societies it is perhaps because there are none.

The true cry of the book, *The Return of Eva Perón*, is different. It is a remarkable essay that proves once again that clear thinking need not be devoid of passion. Naipaul's description of Perónism—as a form of Molochism with a European overlay—is a perfect indictment of the status society, whether of the right or the left, that is its desperate search for order and security, less both, in addition to liberty. The official demagoguery of the state—toughly symbolized by Eva Perón's embalmed body—rests in a nightmare society which, but for the violence that holds it together, would collapse from its own chaos and inefficiency.

It is in horrifying but instructive picture. Naipaul's significance is twofold. First, he portrays the Third World today with accuracy and understanding—a world that most of us either idealize or ignorantly dismiss. Second, he subjects to merciless analysis the ideology toward which we may all be heading. Whether in legend or in the Adhara and sweat suits favored by our health-care Western civil servants.

Barbara Asari

## Giving birth to a terrible beauty

Portrait of an Artist: A Biography of George O'Keefe  
by Laurie Lee  
(Fitzroy & Widdows \$19.95)

George O'Keefe's face, elegant and fierce even in great age, is an illusion as he is an artist. It is an image of the woman artist consciously created for the camera by O'Keefe and Alfred Stieglitz, the great photographer who was her mentor, her lover and finally her husband. Since his death in 1946, O'Keefe has continued to present her



O'Keefe: the face of a feminist icon

special face to the world, obdurate, enigmatic, strong. This first biography of the 90-year-old painter—the solitary and slightly terrifying woman people call "the mistress of modern art," as if motherhood could repeat modernism—is truly a portrait of the artist because it confirms that face. O'Keefe's life has been a series of hard choices made for art, her distinctive self-absorption becoming her as hard as the skulls she painted floating in the blue sky of the New Mexican desert.

With a touch of the sentiment that has turned O'Keefe into a feminist icon, biographer Laurie Lee writes

### MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

#### FICTION

- 1 *The Source Morality, Latham* (1)
- 2 *Justice Ties and How, Richter* (2)
- 3 *Paradoxes, Pines* (3)
- 4 *Princesses Dance, Krasht* (4)
- 5 *Geology's People, Le Carré* (5)
- 6 *The Evening Street, French* (6)
- 7 *Sole, Haggard* (7)
- 8 *The World's Admirable, Joseph* (8)
- 9 *Life Before Me, Alford* (9)
- 10 *The Girl in a Swing, Adams*

#### NONFICTION

- 1 *The Third Wave, Fattori* (1)
- 2 *The Neighbor's Wife, Pines* (2)
- 3 *Man in Love, Pines* (3)
- 4 *The Real View, Alford* (4)
- 5 *Confessions, Amis* (5)
- 6 *How to Invest Your Money and Profit From It* (6)
- 7 *Paradoxes, Pines* (7)
- 8 *Man in Love, Pines* (8)
- 9 *Crime From the Corridor, McEwen* (9)
- 10 *Will, Liddy*
- 11 *Ties to China, Friedman* (11)

1 Position for each

that she hoped "others might be moved by the example of [O'Keefe's] courage, independence and successful life." But it is an example few would have the heart to try to follow. O'Keefe has controlled every element of her life so as she was composing a portrait of herself: her clothes were always black with a touch of white, her homes as calculated for severity as a Japanese rock garden. No digressions were allowed. At 22 she decided to be a painter—a mid-western farm girl whose experience of art was copying pictures out of her ge-

ography text. At 27, she chose to destroy all of her early work, strip her palette of black and white and begin again—creating the drawings that persuaded Stieglitz he had found his own opposite: the dream, the woman, who was both Woman and Artist. At 35, she discarded her strong desire to have a child in order to stay with Stieglitz and pursue what he called her "whiteness." In further drafts the artist in her. At 41, in pursuit of that whiteness, she left the aged and ill Stieglitz behind in New York while she sought her spiritual

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home in New Mexico "horrible waste and a wonderful emptiness."

What to make of this example *Wild* takes into respect, this farce old reduce? This painter who has followed his lovers and been, rivers, roads and clouds, fighting over the painted thousands of old age to paint the internal shapes also cost everything away to get? Most biographies show their readers the illusion of understanding caught in a net of personal failures, small angers and rained chaos, the great term seems like a net. Not this one. *Wild* shows self-discipline and integrity of purpose, purpose, one, both terrible and uplifting. Sometimes it is as illuminating to be awestruck as to understand. Anne Callan

## The most dangerous emotion—love

INFERNO BLOOD  
by P. D. James  
(Oxford University Press, \$14.95)

"Why is it," someone once asked P.D. James, "that middle-class English ladies are no good at murder?" James replied that mystery novels are orderly means to arrange the chaos, "order like a literary flower arrangement." In her hands, the bouquets are refreshingly free of hysterics, vices, crimes and coincidences. With *Inferno Blood*, her eighth and best novel, she sheds completely the gaudy plots of her past and, raising the bar drastically to an art form, creates a brilliant tale of murder past and murder future.

James's prince-poppo arrangement begins with a complex plot of vengeance, redemption and salvation. The central character is Philippa Palmer, 35, arrogantly self-assured, intelligent and adopted by an affluent academic and his wife, "who cooks" a Philippa has built a pleasant Victorian family around who she might have been—the domestic daughter of a housewife and an ex-wife's son—and decides to take advantage of changes in the British Children's Act allowing adoptees access to their real birth certificate. The romantic fantasy gives way to a grim reality: Philippa's parents are the expert killers the mindwires of a 13-year-old girl, the father dead, the mother sure to be released from prison. For the most selfish reason Philippa seeks out her mother and offers to live with her until she is seized. They spend their days as a father-son duo, while the father, the mother and the planning the execution he faced was deserved. As the lives of hunter and hunted converge, one is reminded that love, to James, is powerful and sometimes destructive. "People think love is the most dangerous emotion, but it isn't. It's love," says

a character in *Death of an Expert Witness*. In *Inferno Blood*, love is catastrophe. James has always added a richness to her characters making it much more fun to work in a few paragraphs. James captures the dark beauty and last romance of women who are truly lovers of wood and drawn of water. Not essen-



## The mistress of malice domestic

Crime novelist she may be, and certainly her mystery novels. British writer P.D. James now writes *Inferno Blood*, a novel set in the gripping *Queen of Crime*. But James's concerns now cover the most of authors who don't get categorized "Agatha's at night." I just don't think we're doing the same thing. "Inferno Blood" has her type of book you don't have real freedom or real blood. You don't feel violence get, any particular sorrow for the victim and pitying no pity for the murderer. Some of my characters are other hands," she adds. "but many of them poor things are at the mercy of their own conscience. Their own consciences." It's called to correct misperceptions, or anything hard, with this middle-class English genre, written down with a glass of sherry in the mood of her first big North American tour, publishing her new novel *Inferno Blood*. But, like the charac-

ter, characters, they give a touching taste. Sentiment without sentimentality is a hallmark of James's work. By departing from the standard uniform of tidy endings and predictable behavior, she opens up the messy world of desperation and the unexplainable peace of contrition and salvation. The murderess writes, attempting to explain the inexplicable "how" of the child's death and her own refusal to "know" her husband by allowing her to commit suicide once they realized what they had done. "I should have died with him that night. He was right, there was nothing else for us to do. That was the real sin, the failure of love." It didn't need a perfect love to fail him then. It only needed a little kindness, a little courage. The surprising and powerful ending of this novel works precisely because salvation, responsibility and love concern the living as their lives converge with their dead. Margaret Cannon

James she thinks Agatha's a cheat, but...

ters she portrays, 59-year-old P.D. James is the product of her history. Her personal legends began at the end of the Second World War when her father, a literary figure, returned from the front a fugitive. Forced to support him and her two daughters, James took a job with the National Health Service. After her husband's death in the mid-60s, she had enough of the police department of the Home Office and then to the criminal justice department. In the past 20 years, she has written eight novels, getting up at six o'clock to write for two hours before work and going home to write at night.

The combination of discipline and experience shows in her work, along with her personal concerns. "Two things have obsessed by the need for accuracy," she says, explaining why she wanted to end December is when from the Home Office. That first hours many of her characters, including her good detective, Anne Dalglough and Philippa Palmer, the heroine of *Inferno Blood*. With its \$14-million paperback sale to North America, James now has accounts for her hands to ponder new novels. And her fans will be happy to hear that there is a good chance the following *Caroline* (the heroine of *An Unsuitable Job for a Woman*) may be making her reappearance. The plot that I've got in the back of my head would be very suitable for Caroline," says James. "I think it would be for Dalglough as well. But I think I would like to give it to Caroline." Whether that plot may be, one can expect Caroline to looker off with the same wit, subtlety and intelligence that propelled her creator from the civil service to this best-selling title.

M.C.

## Films

# Conscientious objecting, with a sense of humor

BRUBAKER  
Directed by Steve Rosenbly

The first drafts of *Brubaker* are long, slow dissolves of a man carrying new blood to the Wakefield prison from the poorly burning light. When arrived, they find Wakefield little different from a medieval dungeon. Men are strapped or beaten to appease the sadistic urges of their overseers, and no get the feeling these urges are brought on by the slow creep of boredom. Time at Wakefield, in like the constricting drip of Chinese water torture. Wakefield is an arena of violent movements, run like a slow burn, and physically it makes a beguiling look. However, Green the grand tour of its horrors, we soon learn to follow, and we also sense that we're in for a dose of social conscience to justify these scenes of brutality. But the filmmaker, W.D. Richter (the remake of *Penance* of the Body Snatchers), strips away all the sentimentalism from the subject matter (critics refused) and plays a poker on us while he does.

While one new arrival (Robert Redford) is on sanitation detail in military, a black man held up these grade snicker and threaten to snap his neck unless he gets "some respect." At the extreme of their business, he demands new paint, and then a skylight. Redford tells him he's the new warden, makes promises and gets him back into the cell. It's an edgy, absurd and strangely humorous scene, a crucial scene in the making a skylight while chasing

Redford receiving a prison pie as a bribe



Redford: skylights for solitary confinement

another. The real locker, though, is that Redford is the new warden, Henry Brubaker, who has been masquerading as a poet.

*Brubaker*, based on the true story of an Arkansas warden named Thomas Munton, is spiced throughout with that same bitter comedy. It doesn't have the capital, self-congratulatory air of most movies generated by true-life social problems. *Brubaker*, once he takes over Wakefield, starts to turn the place upside down, occurring the disfigure of



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trustees and the prison based, which has always prided itself on running the country's most profitable prison farms. His attempts at reform are serious but they're funny, too, because in the middle of misery one of the most attractive options is to laugh. Brubaker fights a losing game sometimes he has no recourse but to smile at his real staff of certified convicts. Even the bosses at Brubaker are dull: they're so overworked at the rectitude of their own logic it's hard to think of them as monsters. Mostroous acts aren't necessarily commuted by cameras, and, as Hannah Arendt once wrote, can be purely, simply banal. C.P. Woodward (Dr. Ernest Walsh), for example, who used to enjoy free inmate labor from the warden, brings Brubaker a great job as a bribe, and he reacts well by it—his reluctance is so ingrained by the conditioning of tradition that he's not even aware of it.

Like most crusaders, Brubaker isn't a diplomat. The governor's aide (Steve Alexander) responsible for getting him into Wakefield tries to persuade him to reject the prison board to get the money he wants. But when an old black man (Richard Ward) is involved and a habeas—The secret from the past is revealed, Brubaker can't shake his conscience. "I agree with you on strategy but not on principle," he tells her. She'll wear apart the apple cart, because her carapace is enough. Perhaps that's where bleeding-heart liberals go astray, confusing strategy with principle.

Brubaker writes some of the sharpest, most concise and darkly comic dialogue in modern right-wing, and while his publisher is directed by Stuart Rosenberg (Cool World Look) is a night, visually reminiscent style, it's a seven-writer's movie. Richter never wastes a word—it's as though he's writing with the language withheld. Fast, snappy, however usual, is drafted with precision, in a few brush strokes, and the character actors—Walsh, Ward, Tim McInnis, Matt Clark and David Keith—make good as those you don't need your memory jogged as they keep reappearing. (The only flaw in Richter's work is flickers, played by Yaphet Kuttz, who is underplayed about Brubaker and his reforms and unfortunately also an ambivalent character sketch.)

Reformed could certainly use a little more pep as Brubaker, but he has his pretensions, his wisdom look just fine the come out of himself in this one, probably because Richter has written a role for a star, not a star role. Like everyone else he'd is close-up so that they seem to envelop the screen, Rendell seems to live the film. The movie has the glaze of intelligence—it takes your mind out of solitary.

Lawrence O'Toole

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## The animals go to a demolition derby

THE FILM SYNOPSIS  
Directed by John Land

There's no denying that certain men in *The Blues Brothers* have a wild, off-the-top humor, and that the great Artie Shredder keeps a smiling frown and that the street work is spectacular. But this cop-these-cars-in-it's-a-be-cause-as-we-can face, where everything is right is smoothed with infinite pleasure, has a ranking edge of desperation too. That desperate. Gun reflects the sorry state of more comedy right now, which began with the anarchic *Animal House* and left a trail of forced funnies—*Mos Defs*, *1917*, *Where the Buffalo Roam*, *Stake Out*, *Wholly Mover* etc. *Crash* comedy used to release as from our complacency, now the vulgarity has lost its charm—It has become, ironically, too common. Being irreverent has as little become young directors feel they have to be irreverent about everything they don't have a focus, or reason, for their anarchy, and so they begin with a single idea and just run it to the finish.

*The Blues Brothers* is a single idea out of control. The Blues Brothers themselves, Howard and John (John Aykroyd and John Belushi), try to get their old band back together to raise \$10,000 to help pay back taxes for St. Helen of the Dilapidated Shred Orphanage. Spurred on by a man man, they manage to have everyone talking them the police, a group of Nuns led by Betty (Betty White), a gifted girl played by Star Wars' Carrie Fisher and a C&W band in a Winona. By the time the director, John



Aykroyd, Ray Charles (below), and John Belushi in *Animal House* (above).

Land's *Animal House*, had sorted out what he was doing with the material, the budget for the movie reached a whopping \$8 million.

The ending of the chase scenes and the musical numbers is so frantic you get the feeling that Land's (he co-authored the script with Aykroyd) just left shooting footage, piling the poles and the turn on top of one another in a last, mad dash. When he parodies other movies (*Close Encounters*, *The French Connection*, *The Godfather*, *Exorcist*), the scenes have some zest—we know where they're coming from. When Land stages a demolition derby through a shopping mall, it's elaborate in the most juvenile way—a kind of baby's race over not being able to do anything better. *The Blues Brothers* doesn't have a plot; it straggles together by connecting them to the chase. The movie makes probably assume that audiences will laugh so that they won't feel sorry, and the movie-makers are probably right. Current comedies don't stop to relax and crack a good, honest joke—they're too busy bullying. L.O.T.

## Champagne romance, labored caper

ROUSSET CUT  
Directed by Donald Spenser

"My father is high up in the government," Gilman (Lindsay Lohan), the dammed thief—"high up, very high up"—begins Jack. "He's not the Queen, is he?" The romance spurring and patter between Lohan and Reynolds during the first half-hour of *Breakfast* is lightly, wittily rendered—a far less realistic fantasy. Fast appearing in a shiny black number slit up the side almost to her ear, Lohan is a vision of tiny wit with her dress, was green eyes and impossible features. Reynolds wears under her with imitation of Cary Grant and Clark Gable and a few lines of his tempered snobs and. During the course of the movie these two stinkingly, enjoyable attractive miscreants drifts back up enough champagne to toast the Queen Mary, but when *Breakfast* gets down to the serious, dull business



Reynolds and Lohan. All played to her ear.

ness of being a caper film, they end it runs out of steam.

*Breakfast* is a far less light finger by a Bestward Yard inspector (David Ogden Stiers), Gilman is used as a plot to sub Jack during a \$50-million diamond heist. Of course she falls for him—he's Bert Reynolds. Once the transparent caper mechanism begins grinding, she's treated as a last man bemo and the romance pretenses fall into farcels. It's much like watching a manny man's day go overcast. Down still looks fabulous. Reynolds is an old fuddy and Reynolds is pretentious by himself—sensible, six, most and ridiculous. Why did he bother doing the Cary Grant and Clark Gable imitations? Was it because he got tired of doing Bert Reynolds imitations? L.O.T.



# The man with the club and the man who runs the taps

By Allan Fotheringham

**T**he saddest thing about the long war between Ottawa and Alberta over an oil price agreement, which expires July 1, is that we are back to a radical clash. The very thing Pierre Trudeau came into politics to prevent—the worsening of relations between English and French—is lurking down there in the abyss beneath all the headline slanging matches between the New West and the subsiding masters of Ottawa's grim fortress. Peter Lougheed went back last week about turning off the taps on July 1 (a week) to celebrate the birthday of the nation, and Energy Minister Marc Lalonde, so keen to efface himself if a club will do, threatens next federal powers to commander Alberta's oil. All is serene in the land. With René Lévesque temporarily subdued, the senior Trudeau ministers who participated in that task will now attempt to crush the latest junior upstart, Ottawa, the mother, knows best.

A major problem, which no one wants to talk about, is that the senior Trudeau ministers who dominate the cabinet are from Quebec and simply do not understand either Western Canada or the argument on resources (not as most Western Canadianists would have it) as most Quebecers' feelings). *Le Presse* ran a cartoon last week with an exasperated Trudeau crying, "Mon Dieu! What does Alberta want?" At about exactly the same time, J.F. O'Callaghan, the student publisher of the *Edmonton Journal*, wrote a spectacular editorial, under his own signature, suggesting that perhaps Alberta should hold a referendum of its own on its oil future—said to happen just a few days before Mr. Trudeau's scheduled September deadline for solving all the country's constitutional problems in a tidy package with a pink ribbon tied around it.

At the base of all this—with Ontario's *Alton Fotheringham* is a reference for the *FT News Service*.

playing a covering caucus afraid to say a word—in a confrontation between two groups of new boys in the national singer. Trudeau came to Ottawa, with alien Gérard Pelletier and Jean Marchand, to convince talented Quebecers they stood a chance for advancement and respect within the federal system. Things have slowly improved (especially within the cabinet) so that today all the senior posts in the Trudeau regime—with the exception of the broad-

of these men can't absorb the presence of a new wave practically all the same order—from its opposite direction. A Saskatchewan government man tells an Ottawa reporter that "For westerners, natural resources are their ticket to Confederation, their ticket to the future." Energy to the West is just as important as "duality" is to Quebec. The tensions run just as deep. The Saskatchewan club. "It is as difficult for westerners to imagine a constitutional package without resources as it is for Quebecers to imagine one that doesn't guarantee language rights." (Clerics seemed surprised—and impressed—when that point was finally hammered home to him as he returned last to meet and meet before Mr. Trudeau's one-day thunderstorm which was to save the nation.)

The prime minister himself is in large part to blame for this present unbalanced situation in his inner circle. Because he has neither drives away (or allowed to drift away) all the major spokesmen for non-Quebec Canada—Turner, MacDonald, Kiwan, Mulroney, Andrews, etc.—he doesn't have a single person in his cabinet today who can speak for the anglophones and the ethnic Anglo-Saxons. Perhaps Ontario, termed most of all because its tariff protection industrial base might actually have to pay something closer to the world price for oil, doesn't have a single figure in Ottawa who has real clout or is listened to with respect as a national boss. Mighty Toronto, with money coming out of its lefty pores, has just four junior posts at the cabinet table, three of them occupied by deferential nooks.

The uncomprehending Marc Lalonde complains that whatever the new oil on an oil price settlement, "Alberta will be fairly rich." He says that Albertans have the highest per capita income in the country. What he can't seem to see is that Albertans, as a whole, still do not live as well as Ontarians as a whole. He has no memories of Depression days. He doesn't understand



ing Quebecer tones. Alan MacEachern are from Quebec. Aside from Trudeau, Lalonde has the vital Energy portfolio so central to the New West. Jean-Luc Piquet has the Transport post which is involved largely with the protection of western oil and getting the resources to sidestep. The charming Jean Chrétien, the one Quebecer who had a fair amount of credibility in the West, but less so now after he became the first French Canadian to hold Finance, a rather rocky trip for him, in the justice minister assigned to soothe and stroke the testy westerners' promoters on the way to the constitutional national fair-poster.

The problem is that just as these new Quebecers came to Ottawa to assist the diversely arrogant anglophone out to the north and to assert the French fact, they cannot comprehend that perhaps somewhat the same motives drive the New West. Such has been the obsession (and the satisfaction) in having the French fact asserted, same



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